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THE NEW SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

THE illustration which our artist has given of the young school-mistress leading in her willing pupils to the school recalls one of the most pleasing traits of our educational system. More than that of any other country, it makes use of the softening influence of woman's guidance upon the young. Our female teachers outnumber those of the ruder sex, and to them is usually committed the care of all the children who make their first entrance into the public school. It is found that boys as well as girls are easily controlled by the tender and cultivated female teacher, that they yield readily to the voice of kindness, and are not insensible to the peculiar charm of a gentle and loving nature. It is indeed remarkable how the least fortunate of our children, who in their own homes have learned nothing of order or propriety, who have lived in the streets, and grown up in neglect or poverty, will soon fall into the habit of discipline, and yield a grateful obedience to some youthful yet accomplished woman.

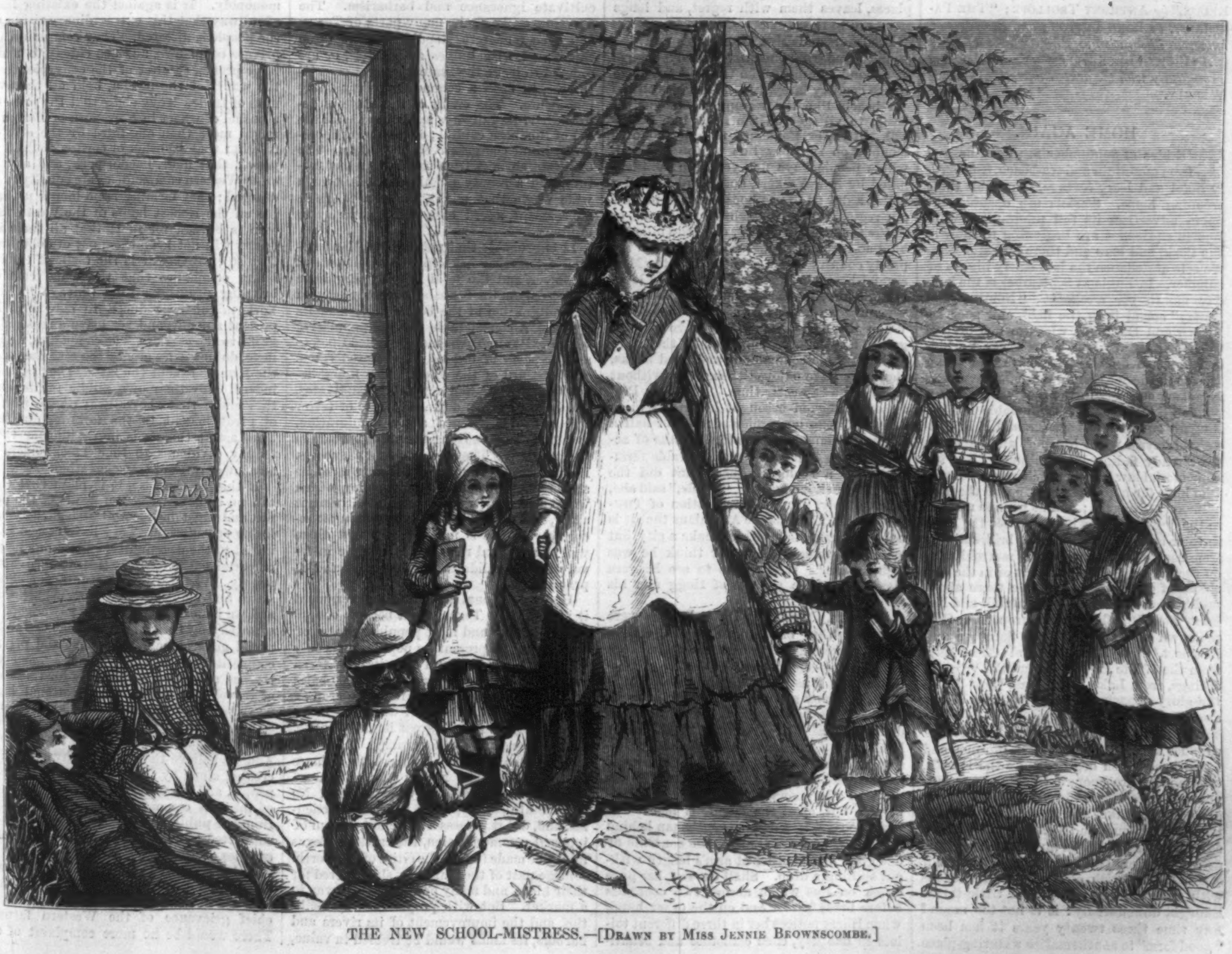
The system is being rapidly extended. Our Normal schools produce yearly a larger number of female teachers. Their preparation for their important office is being steadily improved by the results of domestic or foreign experience, and we may look for a sensible effect upon the manners and conduct of the new generation from the growing influence of intelligent women. It would be a happy circumstance for the nation could all its children be drawn within the guidance of the public school. No one can enter the primary department of any of our schools without feeling touched and instructed by the spectacle. Here the mistress, usually young, modest, timid, yet controls with a natural or acquired skill the throng of children by whom she is encircled. She softens the rude, encourages the dull, and teaches not only the elements of knowledge, but those habits of obedience, order, cleanliness, and propriety by which the characters of her scholars are ever afterward influenced. The children of all classes yield to her cultivated power. Those who have been spoiled by indulgence in the homes of wealth may here for the first time be taught to obey, and learn the value of virtue and intelligence; those who have lived in poverty, in filth and degradation, receive the same lesson; and it needs but a slight reflection to see that the power of the teacher is greater than that of lawgivers or those who execute the laws, and that woman can nowhere be more usefully and honorably employed than in the public school.

Our accomplished school-mistresses have not always received that honor which is due them. Our new Board of Education even proposed to reduce their small salaries; the old board sometimes treated them in a manner upon which we shall not enlarge. They are still paid one-third less than the male teachers—an injustice which we trust will yet be remedied. Their services are allowed to be the most valuable, and yet are the worst requited. They are sometimes exposed to the rudeness of ignorant trustees, and the sneers of a coarse president or commissioner. The courage of the school-mistress is often heroic. At the close of the rebellion a throng of accomplished women went to the Southern States to teach the colored children, and of all the forms of "carpet-bagging" this seems to have been the most odious to the Southern chivalry. The Ku-Klux of Mississippi hunted the school-mistress from her lonely cabin, threatened, slandered, and terrified her with nightly raids, and Southern women looked upon her with scorn. But we believe the real chivalry of the American people will rise in defense of the gifted and intelligent teachers to whom the nation is to owe its future refinement and cultivation, and that all sections will at last unite in paying signal honors and a full emolument to the guardians of its children.

ANCIENT NEEDLE-WORK.

WE have no reason to doubt that needles of metal were made in the fourth generation from the fall, if not before, for attention to the records of Scripture will demonstrate at how very early a period in the world's history the useful arts were developed. Jubal was the inventor of musical instruments. Zillah's son, Tubal-cain, was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron" (Genesis, iv. 22). It is most probable that Tubal-cain, seeing his mother and his sister Naamah at their laborious work with fish-bones or wooden skewers, fashioned more convenient implements for them out of the metals on which he worked. The first Scripture record we observe of dyed garments is Joseph's coat of many colors. It was evidently a costly and unusual thing in the patriarch's tent, as it so signally aroused the envy of his elder brothers, many of them married men and fathers. But then they lived the primitive life of shepherds and farmers, who made for themselves all they wore. Egypt was then at the height of her luxury. The garments of her great men and princesses were resplendent with colors and embroidery. Indeed, we may suppose that even before the flood extravagance in dress was among the sins of depraved people, because it is always one of those sins which accompany the more serious vices of luxury and debauchery. No doubt, also, gorgeous toilets were worn in the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. That the rulers and great men of Nineveh indulged in costly apparel is evident from the sculptures time has so wonderfully preserved to us.

Inspired writers both of the Old and New Testament have not now and then disdained to mention the ordinary work of women. It is recorded in the book of Samuel that "Hannah, his mother, made him a little coat;" and this simple fact, this ordinary offering to the child whom God himself had held converse with, is not considered unworthy of a place in the Bible. Again, Dorcas, who worked for the poor, was restored after death to life by St. Peter, around whom "all the widows stood weeping and showing the garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them." The only elaborate description of needle-work in the Bible is of that made by the Hebrew women to decorate the Tabernacle and the priests' dresses. The Egyptians excelled greatly in fancy needle-work, and we can not doubt that they made the Hebrew women



THE NEW SCHOOL-MISTRESS.—[DRAWN BY MISS JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE.]

useful at this art during their state of bondage. At the period of the building of the Tabernacle the priests' ephods were to be made "of gold, of blue, and of purple, of scarlet, and fine twined linen, with cunning work." The curtains for the Tabernacle are described as being made of linen entirely, on which the most skillful of the Hebrew ladies embroidered cherubim with scarlet, purple, light blue, and gold thread. It is very possible that the work was of the kind we now call *appliqué*, and the colored figures daintily embroidered with the gold thread, which was solid bullion beaten out so fine that it could be even woven. The women had devoted their bracelets and other gold ornaments to the purpose, and every one who had cloth of the beautiful dyes named also made an offering of it. Besides this, "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair." The linen embroidered made the inner covering of the temple. The spun goats' hair was the second covering, and above were skins, such as the Arabs still use for their tents.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

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HOME AGAIN.

THE ides of September are upon us, and from mountain and sea-beach, from lordly hotel and leafy cottage, the exiles come trooping home. Schools are opening, the opera advertises its fall programme, well-known equipages are beginning to show in the Park, and here and there an early theatre sets at defiance the last sultry nights of summer. In England September is the holiday month *par excellence*. "Nobility and gentry" spend it in the field, and poor De Brown and De Jones, who are not invited to shoot over any body's preserves, lie hidden in some dark recess for fear of being seen at the dead season. But here the watering-place sun sets in the first week of September. Alone of the fashionable resorts, Niagara survives the season, and is brightest and gayest when Newport and Saratoga are already fading into dullness. For the immemorial law has been that young couples who hope for happiness must spend the honey-moon at Niagara; and as no man marries in the dog-days, he who would see the Falls in their beauty, with blushing brides hiding from each other and assuming matronly airs on the balcony of the Cataract or in the corridors of the Clifton, must be there about mid-September. But from Catskill and Nahant, from Richfield and Sharon, from Cooperstown and Luzerne, from Saratoga and Newport, from Berkshire and Cape May, from the White Mountains and the Virginia springs, from Lake George and West Point, the glory departs with the ripening of the sweet-corn.

And it is time. For the hottest week of summer is often the last week of June, and for a revel which begins before the Fourth, two months are enough—enough to recruit mamma's energies, and refit her for the daily grapple with baker and butcher, milliner and boot-maker; enough to disgust paterfamilias with bachelor life in an empty house and at a dreary club; almost enough to surfeit Maria Louisa with eternal hops, flirtations with callow boys, and piazza tittle-tattle. Enough, undoubtedly: is it not too much? Any time these twenty years it has been "good form" to anathematize watering-place hotel life—the wretched little bedrooms, the ill-cooked food, the insolent waiters, the ever-present shoddy, the habits of idleness, extravagance, and dissipation which youth of both sexes acquire at Grand Unions and West Ends and Ocean Houses. But the more the censor has lashed us, the more firmly have we become wedded to our idols. A few Englishmen take or send their families to Brighton, or Torquay, or Leamington. A few rich Frenchmen and Frenchwomen desert sultry Paris for Trouville, or Ems, or Bagnères. But every family in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia that can possibly afford it shakes off the city dust in July, and flies for refuge to some miniature metropolis in what is called the country. Year after year men build hotels by the mile, after the standard penitentiary system, and guests throng the cells. Every body growls. Every body says he was much more comfortable at home. Every body is disgusted with the table, the rickety bedstead, and the callosities in the mattress. Every body vows he will not repeat his mistake. But as sure as summer comes round every body is there again. Each September we learn from the newspapers that people have resolved, in consequence of the extortions of the hotel-keepers, not to patronize them another season. But the same papers tell us, in the following July, that judges and millionaires have been grateful to the identical Bonifaces for cots in the billiard-room.

There must be an irresistible charm in shrines which people worship so devotedly and in spite of themselves. Each of the great watering-places is wanting in the very merit to which it owed its first popularity. Nobody bathes at Newport. Each year diminishes the group of dabblers in the unclean pea-soup which is called surf at Long Branch. Only dyspeptics and gentlemen who have miscalculated their drinks over-night take the waters at Saratoga. It is often as hot at the Catskills as at Aden. It was for rest Mrs. Jones went to West Point; yet what with dressing herself and her daughters, and labors of millinery, she works harder than at home. Carrie and Agnes have dreamed for months of the splendid partners and delirious flirtations they are to find when they go "to the country:" when they do go, they dance with each other, for the young men are not, and if they must flirt, like JEFF DAVIS, they "rob the cradle and the grave." Yet with all their short-comings and all their disappointments, every body secretly enjoys these places, leaves them with regret, and longs to return to them.

Professor and Mrs. Gradgrind and the young Gradgrinds, seeking simply change of air and a respite from the dusty city, go to the country in reality—to villages on the sea-beach, like the Hamptons, Quogue, or Deal; to villages on the river, like Peekskill, Milton, or Rondout; to quiet country hamlets on the new line of the Midland, where people have not yet been contaminated by New Yorkers, and board is still a dollar a day; to farm-houses in the mountain region through which the Erie runs, or in the Connecticut Valley, or in the hills behind and around the great Catskill, or in the pretty country which is reached by the Morris and Essex, or, further away still, in lovely Berkshire, or the cool valleys of Vermont. They are perhaps the wisest of the exiles. When the holiday ends they have at least gained health and strength, and if they have had agreeable companions and good books, they may have enjoyed themselves without throwing away their time. But when Professor Gradgrind besought his pretty niece Lois to forego her projected tour of half a dozen fashionable resorts for the sake of accompanying him to a most admirable farm-house in a secluded glen, what did the sprightly maiden reply? "Uncle," said she, quite simply, "in your translation of THUCIDIDES, NICIAS tells the Athenians that it is not sticks and stones which make a city, but men and women. I rather think he was right, uncle." Who wants to see Niagara alone, or in the society of Hogg and his family?

Saratoga, Catskill, and the Branch were probably this blooming damsel's chosen hunting-grounds. It was at the Union hops that she expected to unsheathe her glittering knife. Was her calculation well founded? Do many girls meet their fate at fashionable watering-places? It is at least doubtful. Eligible men are very rare at hotel hops. The male ballet generally consists of equal parts of boys and "old rams' heads dressed up lamb-fashion." On Saturdays the afternoon trains bring up reinforcements; but, alas! the fair Lois has a formidable rival in a dapper gentleman behind a counter, who can transfer the contents of one glass into another at arm's length without spilling a drop. Shall she rest her pure cheek on lips which absorb two cocktails before breakfast? And on the other hand, when Harry notices her in three different toilets in one day, each elaborate and beautiful, may he not naturally pause to ask himself how he could afford such luxuries out of his moderate income? There is no place safe from love but the grave; and many an honest match has been made in the glitter of Congress Hall and on the broad West End piazza. But we are much inclined to think that if a young lady is bent on being an old maid, she will be safer at the great watering-places, where fashion reigns supreme, than at quiet country villages, where every body becomes intimate, and opportunities abound for tête-à-têtes on shady benches and in mossy corners of whispering woods.

One advantage these great watering-places have in common with metropolitan cities—you may do as you please there. You may change your dress four times a day at Saratoga, substituting silk for satin, and crape for lace; but you may also wear the same muslin dress all day long, and every day for a month, and no one will think any the worse of you. You may dine on woodcock and Champagne, but you may also stick to cold roast beef and iced water without being remarked. You may drive trotters like the Commodore's to a wagon weighing no more than a child's perambulator, but good men often walk to save the stage-hire to and from the dépôt, and are none the less respected. At the Branch you may easily spend $20 a day for rooms and board; but you can hire fair lodgings for $12 a week, and, if you choose, you may sit in the West End parlors from morning till night. You may escort Mrs. Brown to the dépôt without its being said that you have abandoned your wife and eloped with the mother of three children; or you may sit on the beach with the gushing Miss Smith without having a dozen old women peering at you through their opera-glasses. If as much could be said of all the country villages which invite summer visitors, it would be well.

THE REPUBLICANS IN TEXAS.

NOT any one of the Southern States has suffered more deeply in all its material interests from the lingering influence of the rebellious feeling than Texas. Its recent Legislature was composed of the worst elements of the dying faction. It solicited a visit from JEFFERSON DAVIS, and listened eagerly to his treasonable harangue. It refused to offer a similar token of respect to the President. It has labored to break up the system of common schools introduced by the wiser part of the population, and would cultivate ignorance and barbarism. The Ku-Klux still rule in many parts of Texas, and even moderate Republicans are often threatened with knives and pistols, or are ordered to leave the State by secret associations. In such a community every thing languishes. The credit of the State is depreciated; its railways apply in vain for the aid of Northern capital; its lands are uncultivated and comparatively worthless. The emigrant shrinks from the dangerous territory, and a scanty population is lost in a wide waste that might, under a tolerable government, afford ease and prosperity to millions.

It is probable that nothing but their system of terrorism has kept the rebel element in power, and the fatal injuries they have inflicted upon the State have already aroused the indignation of the better portion of its people. A considerable German population which exists in Texas may be relied upon to aid the party of order. The colored voters are one-third of the whole. The Republicans have nominated reputable candidates, and hope to break down that rule of terror which has frightened away immigration, and made Texas so long a scene of barbarism and of crime. They are confident of success. Every merchant and every farmer must be anxious to introduce a new policy which will encourage trade instead of driving it away, and will invite labor by offering it security. And it is not unlikely that there will be a general rising of the people in favor of the candidates of good order and of progress.

Under a rational and orderly government it is plain that Texas might become one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Union. At present its population is only 800,000, thinly scattered over its vast territory. Yet it already produces 350,000 bales of cotton annually, and an immense crop of Indian corn. But the chief wealth of Texas must always lie in its great herds of cattle. Its soil is best adapted for grazing. It already supplies the Western States with a large part of their food. Nearly four millions of neat cattle range over its wide pastures. No other State can approach it in this particular, and, did it possess a sufficient system of internal communication, the cattle of Texas might be made to feed the cities of the North. A large part of them are now slaughtered for their hides, and many perish on their way to a market. But with proper railway facilities, and the improvement of its rivers and harbors, its lands would be trebled in value, and its vast herds of cattle would bring a remunerative price.

This is the policy which the Republican leaders offer to Texas. They propose to secure order, and invite immigration and capital, to build railways, and enforce education. The success of the Republican party in the approaching election will make every family in Texas richer and happier; it will drive the assassins and the midnight robbers into obscurity, and extirpate them by rigorous legislation; it will secure the lives and property of the German population and the colored; it will sweep away the last traces of the rebellious faction; it will make Galveston and Austin the centres of unprecedented prosperity, and fill the vast waste of Texas with a busy and united people.

NATIONAL RAILWAYS.

THE meeting of the Congressional committee in New York to consider the subject of transportation must throw new light upon this important question. They have to decide upon the best means of providing cheap food for the people. Of food there can never be any want so long as the harvests are abundant and sufficient transportation is provided. The Northwest teems with every species of agricultural production, and could its broad fields be laid open to the nation, the sufferings of the poor would be lightened or prevented in every section of the country. But the innumerable associations of farmers throughout the grain-producing States, however disunited upon other topics, join in declaring that their harvests are wasted because they have no proper means of bringing them to a market; that the food which might serve to sustain cheaply the manufacturing districts of Europe as well as of America perishes unused; that no sufficient communication exists between the sea-board and the West; that the existing lines are in the hands of monopolists, who close them by high charges to the public, and win their enormous profits by the oppression of the agriculturist and the consumer; and they assert that all the present lines of railways and canals are wholly incapable of providing sufficient means of transportation.

Disclaiming all political or party objects, and devoting themselves to a single aim, the farmers have risen with a wonderful unanimity throughout all the Northwest to demand from the community its aid in relieving them from the burdens of an intolerable monopoly. It is against the existing lines of railway that this extraordinary rising of the people is directed. They complain that private companies, anxious chiefly to make large profits, careless of the convenience or the wants of the nation, hold all the avenues of trade. They show that the price of a bushel of wheat in New York or Boston is raised more than one-third by the cost of freight; that a bushel of corn is doubled in price; that flour, bacon, pork, and all the other Western commodities are equally overcharged; that farming is no longer profitable on the richest lands of the West; that corn is burned for fuel; that all their industry will not keep them out of debt; and that so extravagant is the tariff of the existing companies that the usual cost of bringing provisions from Chicago to New York might be reduced to one-third its present amount, and yet leave a reasonable profit to the carrier. The companies, we believe, do not deny any of the statements of the farmers except the last. They can not, indeed, deny their own public tariffs; but they claim that the railways have proved of great benefit to the farming districts. They assert that it is impossible for them to pay dividends to their stockholders at any lower rates of transportation.

If this be the case, it is plain that they can no longer satisfy the wants of the people, and must be content to suffer from a losing speculation. They have ceased to be useful to the community, and can no longer be permitted to exercise their exclusive monopoly. What the people require is a cheap, swift, and ample means of transportation; and we believe that the only power capable of satisfying their claims is that of the national government. State aid and private competition have wholly failed. The country has advanced too rapidly for its modes of travel. It wants great national highways penetrating the West and the South as nearly free as possible, and at least secure from the exactions of private stockholders. And we believe that these highways can be created alone by the resources of the whole people, and that the cost of the chief lines of internal communication should be paid from the public funds. At present they are supported by a tax on food and all the necessaries of life.

It is proposed that the national government should build a direct railway from Chicago to New York, and thus remove the chief grievance of the Western farmers. There would be no more complaint of any want of ready transportation could this be done, and the capacity of the new railway would at least suffice to prevent the over-crowding of existing lines, and to regulate the rate of freight. It would form the great highway between the sea and the heart of the country; it would be finally extended to the Pacific. It should be built in a manner more perfect than any railway we yet possess, should engross the highest engineering skill, and form the model of all future railways. It is probable that the next generation will look with surprise and horror upon the fearful risks to which we have exposed ourselves in railroad traveling—to the frightful chasms we skirt, the rivers we plunge into or along, to the wretched road-beds, the unprotected track, the trembling viaducts, the switches watched by ignorant workmen, and the signals that are sometimes visible. And we may hope that every new railway will aim at security of life, and the speed that can be reached only by a more perfect construction.

We know that various objections are raised to the principle that the national government should build or control the public highways. Yet it would plainly have been far better had the Union Pacific been built wholly instead of partially at the cost of the nation, and it is still in doubt whether any other Pacific route can be completed without public aid. In fact the people have lent money or given land to almost every one of the important railways or canals of the country. New York built the Erie Canal, and Massachusetts expends $12,000,000 on the Hoosac Tunnel. Our private railways have been slight, frail, and hastily built; it is probable that a national system would at least be more trustworthy and more methodical. Most English statesmen lament that their railways were ever permitted to escape from the control of the state, and it is urged that the extortion of the English companies must prove destructive to English manufactures. But with us the question of public highways is one for the people to determine. The great rising of the farmers in the West must hasten it to a speedy decision. We can not wait while Vanderbilt is counting his dividends, or Gould clinging to the remains of Erie. We believe that no railway company should be permitted to divide more than five per cent. annually, that every road should be the creature of the public convenience, that all the public highways should be built by the aid and under the direction of the national government, and that the single principle to be consulted in road-building is the comfort of the community and the wants of trade. If the people require a railway from Chicago to New York, let them have it.

MIRACLES AND POLITICS.

We are told by the London *Tablet* that a noted cataleptic, Sister Louise Lateau, is wreathed in smiles, since the advent of M'Mahon, whenever she is asked to pray for France. Her approval of the new régime is as manifest as her contempt for the old, and the rule of the heretofore rather unfortunate marshal has at least the sanction of the miraculous and the supernatural. The ladies of Salette and Lourdes and the Sacred Heart of Monial are all three pledged, apparently, to his cause. The various stigmata patients of both hemispheres smile at the whisper of his name. The Madonnas give significant winks at the mention of la belle France, and the caserne of Lorette is probably preparing for another flight to the borders of the happy land. St. Bridget and St. Catherine of Sienna are apparently united for the first time, notwithstanding their diverse views on the Immaculate Conception, and it is impossible to say what further revelations may not be vouchsafed to strengthen the hands of the now too lucky marshal. Mother Margaret Mary Alacoque can not be expected to remain silent long, and since the dedication of Ireland to the Sacred Heart, it would be ungrateful in the holy isle not to furnish a vision or a miracle for the encouragement of its favorite son.

This is plainly the age of miracles, and the chronicles of no monk of the darkest period of the past are better provided with them than some of our newest journals. There is a stigmata patient in San Francisco; Belgium has several of them; France abounds in apparitions. The windows of the churches of Alsace were recently covered to the eyes of devout but perhaps uncritical worshipers with mysterious crosses. The Pope has declared the earthquakes and the inundations of Italy plain judgments upon its heretical rulers, and seems to think that their victims deserve neither sympathy nor aid. It is not difficult to infer what his opinion is of our gold panics and our disasters in stocks, of our storms, floods, and railway accidents. But probably the most curious and instructive of the modern revivals of the monkish superstitions is the wide prevalence of the worship of the Sacred Heart. It is now more than a century since Mother Margaret Mary saw and was commanded to worship the heart of the Divine Teacher, since all her adoration was given to the single member of his sacred person. A Jesuit described her vision. The disciples of Loyola eagerly obeyed her command; and as Catherine of Sienna or the holy Bridget are the patronesses respectively of the Dominicans and Franciscans, Margaret Mary is the favorite saint of Jesuitism, and the adoration of the Sacred Heart has become the distinguishing trait of the ruling power of the Papal Church. In vain, at its announcement, bishops, theologians, and popes denounced the new cultus as open Arianism or plain idolatry. It could not be suppressed. It grew slowly into general prevalence in defiance of the rebukes of Benedict and Clement. The Jesuits preserved their pagan rite through all their disasters, and have lifted it to the precedency of all Roman worship. France, we believe, is dedicated to the adoration of the Sacred Heart; its legislators throng the shrine of the Mother of Monial; its pilgrims and its politicians unite in lending their countenance to the modern vision. Ireland has been solemnly devoted by all its papal bishops to the same faith; and the most gross and the most absurd of all recent forms of superstition promises, under the active advocacy of the Jesuits, to become the sole religion of millions of the human race.

The most dangerous trait of this strange fanaticism is its political bearing. It is to avenge the injuries the Sacred Heart has received from modern governments and people that its worshipers pledge themselves at its shrine. A nation dedicated to its bleeding symbol is devoted to a relentless war upon mankind. It would separate its adherents from all friendly intercourse and sympathy with their fellow-men. It forbids its children to be educated in the same schools with those of its opponents; it denounces the marriages of its members with those of a different faith as unholy and void, as a form of concubinage that may be terminated at the pleasure of the priest. It seeks even to prevent all close business relationship between its followers and their fellow-Christians; its principle of selfish isolation tends to dissolve the bonds of society, and to introduce into every family and every nation the elements of endless strife. In Brazil the Romish priests assert the invalidity of Protestant marriages, and have recently openly performed the marriage ceremony for persons whose wives were still living in Germany. In France and Spain the worshipers of the Sacred Heart are the teachers of political tyranny and of unsparing cruelty. What vague project of civil disorders may have attended the dedication of Ireland to the new worship has not yet appeared, but the ceremony presages no happy future for that misguided land.

But it is against republicanism and all free institutions, against the press, the school, and popular independence, that the modern miracle-mongers aim their sharpest scorn. Every new allocution from the Vatican condemns in plainer language the government of the people. The London *Tablet* tells us "the *Daily News*, whose writers would apparently like to see England a republic with a cabinet of Dissenters, has a special reason for disapproving the revival of religion in France." It is attended, as that journal explains, by a decided hostility to republican institutions. "Of course it is," adds the *Tablet*. "People begin to see what are their invariable fruits." Twenty newspapers have recently been suppressed in France. All the plans of popular education have been laid aside. To the six hundred pilgrims who recently set out from London for the shrine of the Sacred Heart Archbishop Manning said, "Men will find that they will have to pay dear for the dishonor they have heaped upon the Vicar of Jesus Christ," and the ultramontanes make no secret of their sanguinary visions of the future. It is with miracles and pilgrimages that they hope to blot out human freedom in Europe and America, and crush that republicanism which is the sure enemy of blind fanaticism. It is time for republics to defend themselves by insisting upon the education of all their people.

PERSONAL.

Professor Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer (author of *Other Worlds than Ours*, *Half Hours with the Telescope*, etc.), has been engaged by the American Literary Bureau to lecture in this country next season. The Lowell Institute has already engaged him to deliver twelve lectures, and he will give courses in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati. His lectures are illustrated, and he is spoken of as a fascinating speaker. The Manchester (England) *Critic* says of him: "Mr. Proctor is blessed with an excellent manner of rapid delivery. He lectures as he writes, and is a perfect Lytton for work, with not an idle nerve in his whole frame. As constellations, star depths, single stars, spectres, followed each other in rapid succession upon the screen, the audience imperceptibly left our little world, and, carried by their able conductor into those far-off realms of space, drank freely of the celestial nectar which can only be given by a practical brain united to fervent imagination."

—Ex-Senator Foote, of Mississippi, is giving reminiscences of the men who were famous in the Senate and House of Representatives at and previous to the time he became a member of the former body. In a conversation with Senator Robert T. Hayne, memorable for his great contest with Mr. Webster, and admittedly one of the most eloquent men ever sent to the Senate from the South, Mr. Hayne said that "he supposed Mr. Webster, on the whole, to be the most consummate orator of either ancient or modern times; that his ability as a reasoner he was confident had never been exceeded; that his imagination was as fertile and vigorous as that of Milton or Homer; that his humor was both exquisite and abundant; that his knowledge was unlimited; that he had the most happy command of his temper at all times, and that on certain great occasions he had excelled all the speakers that had ever lived, not excepting either Demosthenes or Cicero; that his manner was always grand and impressive; that he had never heard him utter a word in a careless or vulgar style; that he seemed never to forget his own dignity, or to be unmindful of the character and feelings of others; and that, when thoroughly excited, the sublime grandeur of his thoughts and language derived great additional potency from his noble and soul-moving enunciation, and his few but impressive gestures. I then" (continues General Foote) "said to him: 'But, General Hayne, every one in the South admired your speeches on the occasion to which you have been referring more than they did those of Mr. Webster; and it is said that General Jackson was so much delighted with the first of your speeches in the Senate that he had it printed on satin for distribution among his friends at a distance. Was this so?' To which he replied: 'I believe this to have been true. The people of the South generally approved my speech because they believed that I had been defending in it their own local interests and honor. General Jackson admired it because he thought that I had successfully vindicated the Democratic cause, to the support of which his own life had been devoted. But you know that in a few months thereafter, when our nullification experiment had developed its gigantic proportions, and after the memorable contest had occurred in the Senate between Mr. Calhoun and my ancient antagonist, Mr. Webster, General Jackson became so great an admirer of the Senator from Massachusetts that he thought seriously of making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States upon the decease of the venerable Marshall. Be assured, Sir,' he continued, 'I never for one moment have thought of comparing that speech of mine, in direct assailment of Mr. Webster and the Federal party of old, and to the defense of which I had thought proper to challenge him, to his great and unequaled speech in reply thereto, though it is certain that for a day or two it seemed to many that I had come off victor in the contest.'"

—Few men enjoy country life more than ex-Governor Seymour, and his farm near Utica is one of the most beautiful spots in Central New York. The residence is a quaint, ample building, without any architectural pretensions. It bears a close resemblance to the old residence of General Lee, on Arlington Heights, both in structure and location, though the house is larger and much better preserved. On entering the house the eye encounters an immense moose head, with gigantic antlers, keeping sentinel guard at the door. The animal was shot by Mr. Seymour twenty years ago in the Adirondacks, and as the moose have entirely disappeared from this region, this monarch head must be highly valued by its conqueror. Mr. Seymour is quite an antiquary, and he showed us several interesting relics—a sword which had belonged to Governor Clinton; a window from Faneuil Hall, which he has had built in the south end of his library; many very old deeds, some dating back two centuries, and bearing the signatures of many important historical characters; a pair of curious antique chairs, which came across the waters in the "long ago." They look like ebony, finely carved in the most graceful devices, and are very high and very stiff, and the ladies of the olden time who sat in them must have looked very stiff too, for they never leaned back (Mr. Seymour said) against this elaborate carving, but rested their feet upon stools, and sat bolt-upright. Rocking-chairs were not in vogue in that day—no Dutch maiden or English lady would have deigned to lazily rock herself. But the present century knows what is comfortable.

—It appears that the cost of the land upon which the Drexel banking-house is erected, at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, as well as the edifice itself, has attracted the attention of the London *Times*. It has heretofore been mentioned in these columns that the price paid for the land is larger than was ever paid for an equal space of land in the world. The *Times* speaks of the building as "the finest of its kind in New York;" and when it adds that "it is regarded with great pride by the people of that city," it is but uttering a fact to which every New Yorker will gladly bear testimony. It is consolatory to know that the leading journal of the British empire has found one specimen of American architecture upon which to bestow the meed of admiration.

—Russia has as yet produced but one great journalist, M. Katoff, editor and proprietor of the Moscow *Gazette*, which has a daily circulation of 80,000 copies. He is still a comparatively young man, and his editorial sanctum is sumptuously fitted up, after the best American establishments. There is a library of ten thousand volumes, speaking-tubes to every part of the building, a telegraph office, and also a genuine Russian peculiarity—a room for the officer of police, to whom all articles are submitted previous to publication. The presses are of the largest kind, made in New York. At first he was disgusted with his own editorials, but his young wife urged him to persevere, which he did to gratify her, sometimes rewriting his articles half a dozen times. Ten years ago he was very poor. Now he is a millionaire, and the imperial government at St. Petersburg respects and fears him.

—Since M. Thiers has returned once more to private life he resumes his former perfectly simple way of life. No one stops you or examines you at his house. There is a very small antechamber, in which stands from seven in the morning a footman. The visitor is ushered into a room, where he waits while the servant announces him. M. Thiers, constant to his old custom, then appears at the door, and invites his visitor into his bedroom, which serves also as his study. A tent bedstead with Algerian hangings, a plain round table, and a few small articles of furniture scattered about, and some chairs, form the fittings of the room. When he rises M. Thiers dresses himself for the day, and is always found with a pen in his hand, sitting at his desk, reading and writing. Undoubtedly what he misses and what he regrets is the pleasure of exercising power: that important and indispencable activity, that faculty for dealing with every thing, and those never-ending combinations which he was always planning during his administration, sometimes to obtain the support of the majority, at other times to soothe the Left; now to appease the Germans, and now to satisfy France.

—The absence of Mr. Watterson from the editorial desk at Louisville is to be deplored. The pen artist who represents him says of a certain maker of tombstones that he chisels on a large portion of his stones C. O. D., which stands for Coal Oil Death. And one of his headstones reads, "Biddy Flaherty, C. O. D. Let her R. I. P.

—Mr. George B. Markel, of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, has given $10,000 to endow a professorship in Lafayette College. What with such men as Asa Packer, and his gift of a million, and Mr. Markel, Pennsylvania will stand, if she does not already, at the head of States whose educational institutions are most nobly endowed. The example of Stephen Girard is daily becoming more contagious.

—Chang, one of the Siamese twins, was recently summoned as a juror in a case in North Carolina. Eng of course had to accompany him. Exception is taken to the verdict on the ground that a man not a member of the jury was present in the jury-room where it was agreed upon.

—Ex-Senator Foote, having been engaged in four duels, and more than once "winged his man," as well as been perforated here and there himself, has finally arrived at the conclusion that the practice is open to objection. The Senator was, in truth, one of the neatest hands in those affairs that the South has produced; but at present he does not think it the correct thing to go about making holes in people. As to his personal example in dueling, he says: "I had the misfortune twice to be challenged to the field of honor; in two other instances I was foolish enough to be the challenging party. On the first occasion, in 1828, I was shot in the shoulder by one of the celebrated dueling pistols of General Jackson, borrowed by my antagonist from the venerable hero of the Hermitage, who, by-the-way, had certainly no hand in instigating this duel, and who lived and died my friend, bestowing upon me an important office almost in the last days of his ever-glorious administration. The last time I fought was in 1837, when, after five shots having been exchanged, the affair terminated without the least personal injury to myself, my adversary having been disabled by my fifth shot, which had entered his hip."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Wisconsin Republican Convention has nominated C. C. Washburn for Governor. Asa Barton has been nominated for Governor by the farmers of Minnesota, and William Gaston is named by the Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts.

The public debt was further reduced $6,700,000 during the month of August.

It is proposed to establish a line of steamers between Liverpool and Savannah.

In one day recently 3213 immigrants arrived at Castle Garden from different parts of Europe.

The rumored massacre at Fort Sill is not mentioned in the latest government dispatches from that point. It was doubtless a cruel hoax.

The *Juniata*, in search of the *Polaris*, reached Holsteinberg, Greenland, July 18.

The Manitoba authorities have refused to accede to the request of the Minnesota government to admit the prisoners in the Gordon case to bail. The prisoners will be tried at a special session of the court at Fort Garry.

The committee appointed to investigate the *Wawasset* disaster have made public their report. They have revoked the license of Nash, the engineer. They blame the company for employing unlicensed officers and for carrying more passengers than allowed by law, and call on the proper officers to proceed against the steamboat company with a view to imposing the penalties prescribed by law.

Cholera of the pure Asiatic type is said to be prevalent in O'Kawville, Illinois. There have been twenty-three deaths in twelve hours.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the Gladstone ministry will, at the next session of Parliament, move for the abolition of the income tax.—At the feast of the Master Cutlers of Sheffield on the 4th inst. Mr. Lowe defended the policy of the Gladstone government, and expressed confidence in the future of the liberals.

In Spain the report is current that Don Carlos has promised the priests to revive the Inquisition in case he is successful in his effort to gain the throne. Vice-Admiral Yelverton, of the British Navy, has taken the iron-clads *Almanza* and *Vittoria* from the harbor of Cartagena, and sent them to Gibraltar. The insurgents threatened violence, but in the end they quietly yielded.—The socialists of Andalusia have burned forty farm-houses for the reason that they believed there should have been a division of the property.—General Riguners has been appointed Captain-General of Madrid.—A motion to have all death sentences by military tribunals referred to the Cortes has been rejected.—Señor Castelar has been chosen President by a vote of 133 to 67.

Ninety persons were drowned recently by the upsetting of a boat on the river Indus.

A monument at the König's Platz, Berlin, was unveiled on the 2d inst. in commemoration of the victory at Sedan.—The names of distinguished German generals have been given to the forts of Strasburg and Metz.

A square of buildings in Havana, known as the Plaza Vapor, was totally destroyed by fire on the 7th inst. The loss will not fall short of $8,000,000.

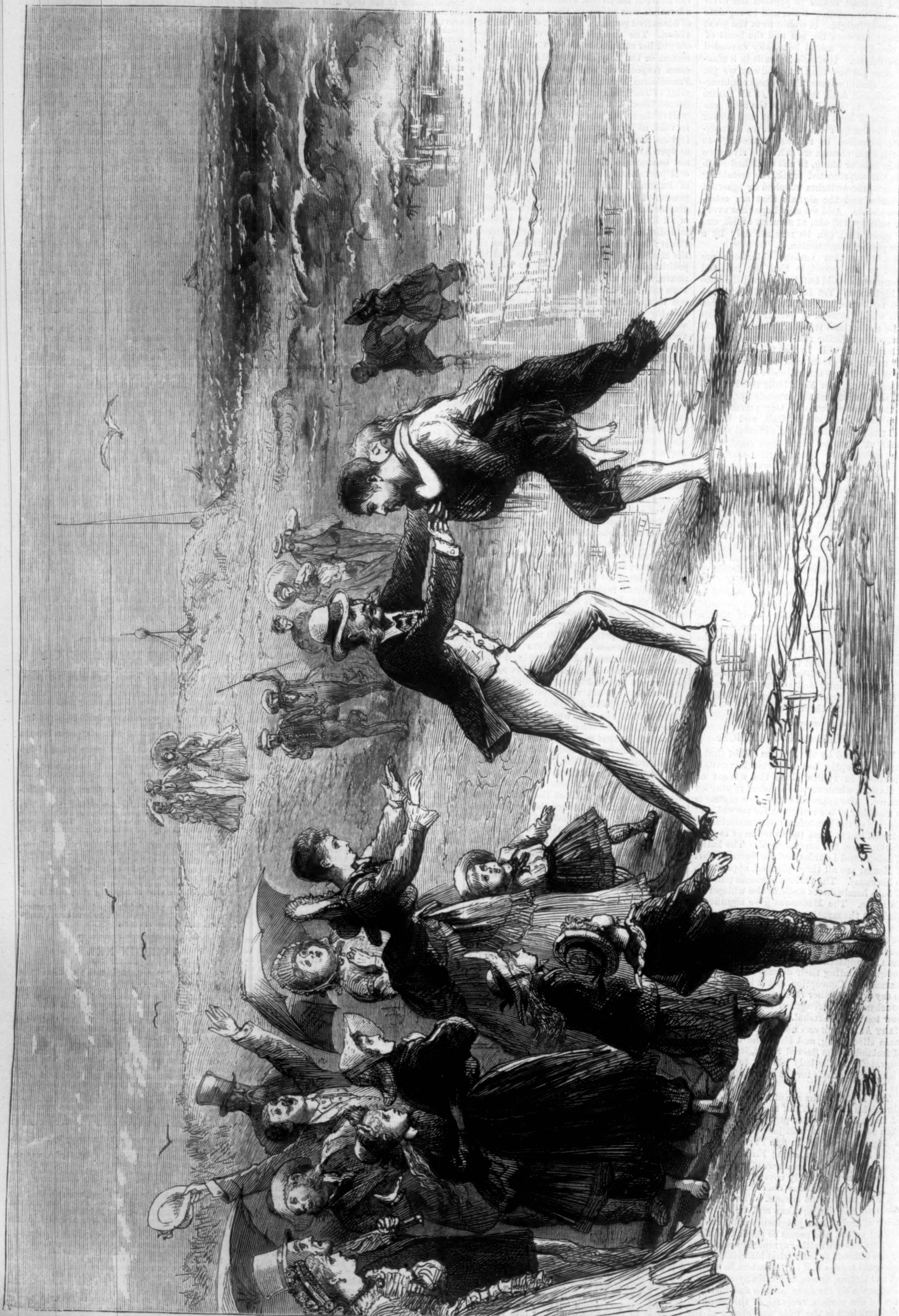
The Cuban authorities have ordered the sale of the estates of insurrectionists.

There has been a fire in the Calle del Cabo, Valparaiso, which caused a loss of $500,000 in property.

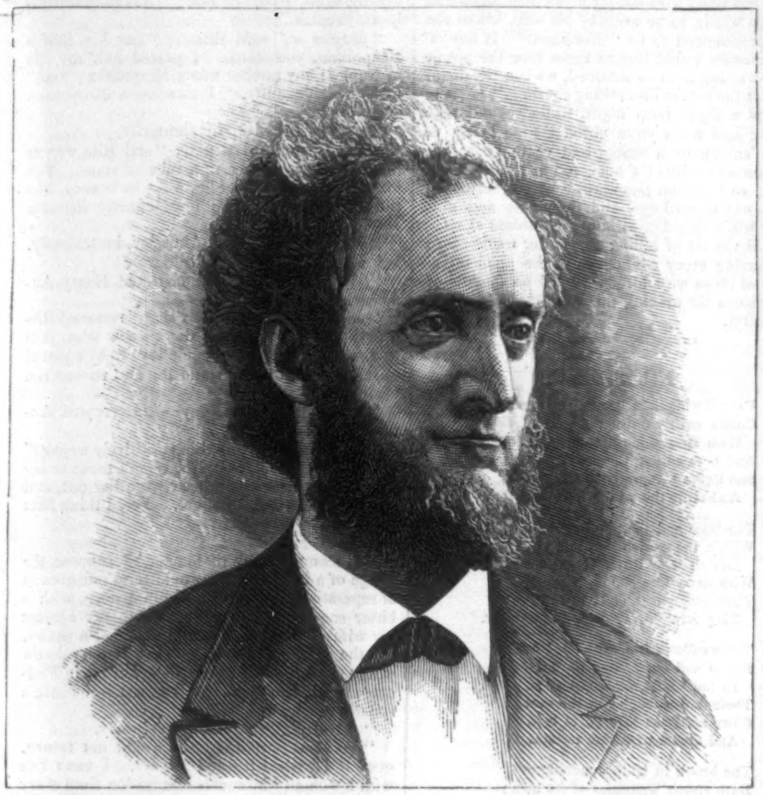
The revolutions developed by Melgar and Palacios in Guatemala have been overcome by the government.

M. Thiers, during a response to a greeting from French residents of Lucerne, declared his resolution to devote the remainder of his life to the establishment of republican forms in France.

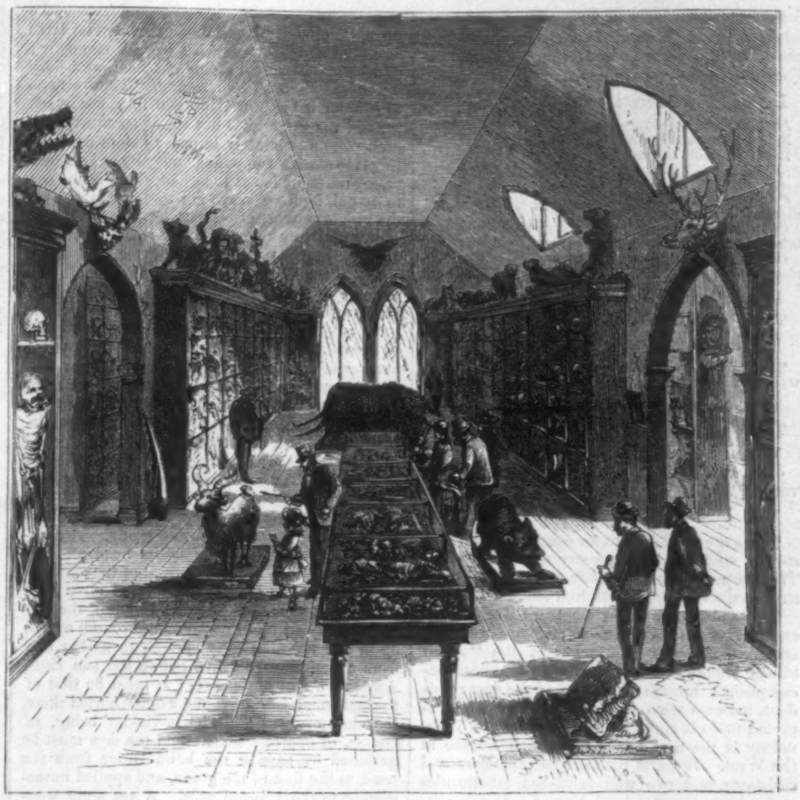
Special prizes are to be given to the exhibitors at the Vienna Exposition who have been accidentally overlooked.



"SAVED!"—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN., FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.]



PRESIDENT C. H. FOWLER.



THE MUSEUM.

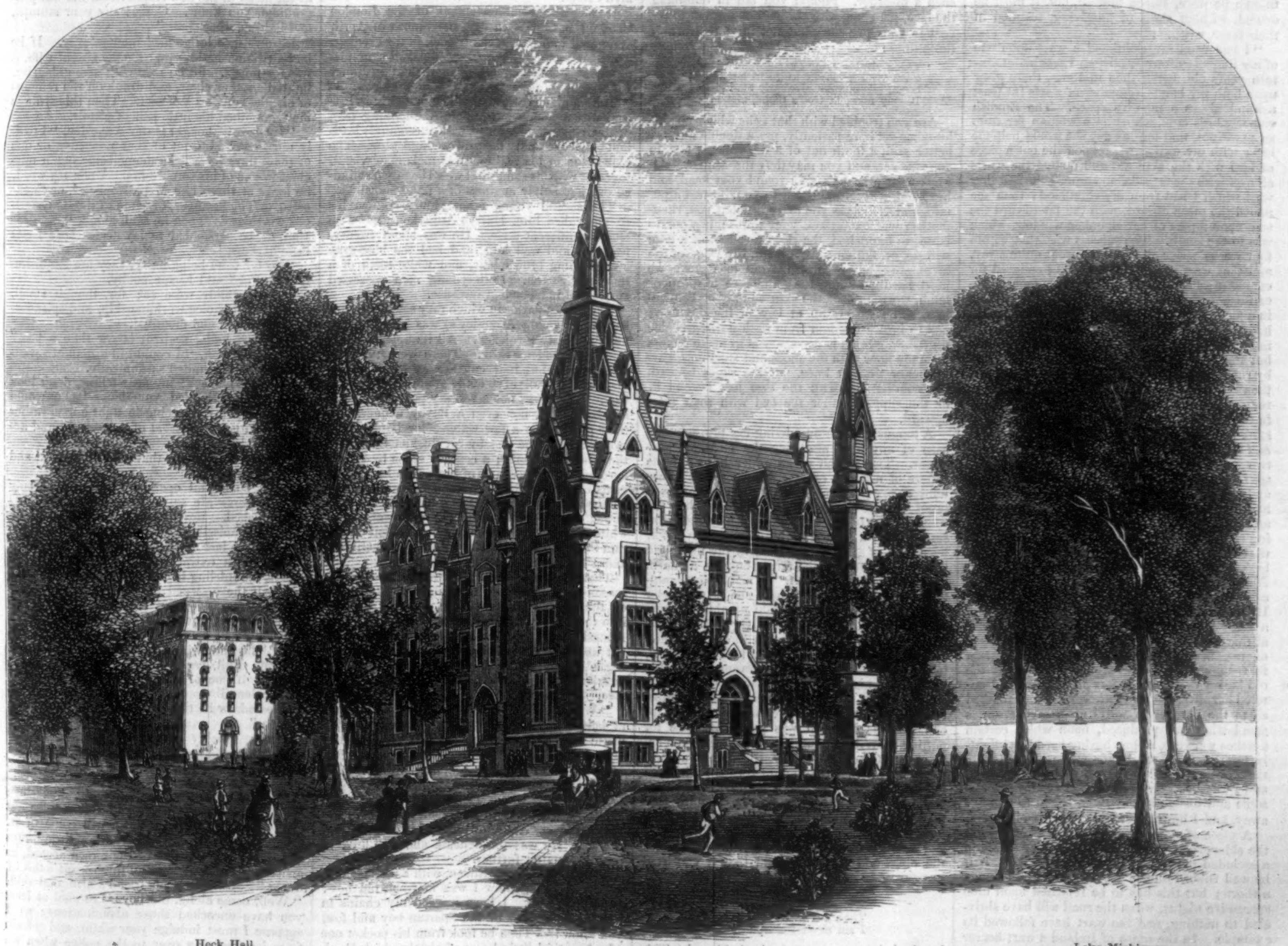
THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

This excellent institution of learning is situated at Evanston, Illinois, within eleven miles of Chicago. Its growth and prosperity are significant of the spirit and enterprise of the Northwest. It was founded in 1852, and opened for students in 1855. The trustees made large purchases of land on the shore of Lake Michigan, founded a town, now containing 5000 inhabitants, and have grown rich through a wise administration of the proceeds of their scheme. They also purchased land in the heart of Chicago, which has rapidly advanced in value with the growth of that city. A large portion of the ground on which the Pacific Hotel is built belongs to them. The university has now an endowment of $2,000,000; and although a part of it is at present unproductive, yet it is so situated that its advance in value is greater than an ordinary interest income.

Evanston is noted for its beauty and healthfulness, and has all the quiet of the country, and all the moral restraints of the best society. Churches of the leading denominations afford the privileges of religious worship to citizens and students. The town, well laid out with wide avenues and parks, and boulevards and drives, nestles among the native forest trees, and hides from the blasts of winter and the suns of summer. Lake Michigan, the inner, tideless, saltless sea, washes the border of the town and the campus of the university. The repose of the town gives every advantage for study, and its nearness to the great city gives all the advantages of a metropolis. By a wise provision in the charter of the town, spirituous liquors can not be sold as a beverage within four miles of the university.

The first president of this flourishing university was Dr. C. T. Hinman, who died in the first year of his term. He was succeeded by Dr., now Bishop, Foster. The third president was Dr. E. O. Haven, now secretary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The fourth and present president is the Rev. Charles H. Fowler, D.D., a graduate of the university in 1859, and of the Garrett Biblical Institute in 1861. He was born in 1837. He entered the ministry in 1861, and was successively pastor of several of the leading Methodist churches in Chicago until his election to the position he now holds. His inauguration as president of the university took place last June. He is a gentleman of great learning, fine culture, and untiring energy. His labors in behalf of the Bible in the public schools, of the Chicago Sunday law, and the temperance legislation of Illinois were constant and effective.

The several departments or colleges associated


Heck Hall.
Lake Michigan.

UNIVERSITY HALL.

THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

in the university indicate its resources and proportions, and vindicate its claim to be considered one of the leading seats of learning in America. They are classed as follows:

I. College of Literature and Science.

Ancient Classical Course.
Modern Classical Course.
Latin Scientific Course.

II. College of Technology.

Course in Engineering.—*Mechanical Drawing. Mechanics. Architecture.*
Course in Chemistry.—*Theoretical and Analytical Chemistry. Metallurgy. Agricultural Chemistry.*
Course in Natural History.—*Botany. Zoology. Geology.*

III. College of Theology.

The Garrett Biblical Institute.

IV. College of Law.

The Union Law School of the Chicago and Northwestern Universities.

V. College of Medicine.

The Chicago Medical College.

VI. College of Literature and Art.

"The Woman's College of the Northwestern University."

VII. Preparatory Department.

There are two laboratories open to regular and special students in chemistry and in physics. There are already over sixty professors and instructors, and over six hundred students.

The addition of the colleges of Technology and of Law, the Woman's College of Literature and Art, and the endowment of the "Allan Sisson Memorial Professorship in Physics," accomplished through the efforts of the new president, indicate what the university may be expected to do in the future. The College of Technology is the first school of applied science in the West. It starts with eleven professors and assistants, and two well-furnished laboratories and a large museum and library. It takes its place with the other colleges of the university on the basis of thorough work and genuine results. The princely endowments, the goodly family of colleges, the scores of professors, the hundreds of students, and the indomitable will of the young president and his colaborers, put the Northwestern in the first rank of universities.

CHARMS.

The belief that the maladies by which poor humanity is tormented are removable without the intervention of drug or doctor has obtained in all ages and in all countries; the savage and the civilized alike have had—we might say still have—immense faith in the power of sundry charms of a more or less ridiculous nature. Philosopher though he were, Bacon himself, not, it must be owned, without signs of misgiving, testified in their favor, writing:

"I had from my childhood a wart upon one of my fingers; afterward, when I was about sixteen years old, being then in Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least a hundred) in a month's space. The English embassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstitious, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and melted the warts all over with the fat side, and among the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat toward the sun, upon a part of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was, that within four weeks' space all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company; but at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time and might go away in a short time again, but the going of that which had staid so long doth yet stick with me." We might put down the cure to the credit of the lard, but Bacon goes on: "They say the like is done by rubbing of warts with a green elder stick, and then burying the stick to rot in muck;" and we remember trying that charm most triumphantly in our boyhood, but we were taught to notch the stick before casting it away. A writer in *Notes and Queries* tells of a relative troubled with thirty-two warts on one hand and two on the other, who tried the elder charm upon the worst hand, and got rid of the thirty-two, while the pair she had omitted to charm remained to plague her; and when she sought to remedy her fault by going through the ceremony again, she found it futile: "the charm would seem to have been broken by her telling of it." Another correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes: "Twenty-five years ago there resided at the little village of Ferry Hincksey, near Oxford, an old woman who had a great reputation for charming warts. Being at that time a lad, and much troubled with these excrescences, one of which was as large as a fourpenny piece, I was recommended to pay the old lady a visit. With fear and trembling I entered her little hut; and after being interrogated as to the number of warts upon my person, a small stick was produced, upon which certain notches were cut, a cross having been first slightly imprinted on the larger wart; the old lady then retired into her garden to bury the stick, and I was dismissed. From that day my troublesome and unsightly adherents began to crumble away, and I have never been troubled since."

A piece of stolen meat is just as efficacious as the elder-wood, provided it be buried secretly in a secluded place; so is a large black snail, if it be well rubbed on the wart and then hung upon a thorn; but this has to be repeated upon nine successive nights, when the snail will have shriveled to nothing, and the wart have followed its example. In the south of Ireland a wart-bearer has to wait his opportunity, and when a funeral passes by him, take to polishing his warts vigorously, while he thrice utters the invocation, "May these warts and their corpses pass away, and never more return." Another method is to make as many knots in a piece of twine as you have warts with which you wish to part company; touch each wart with a different knot, and bury the twine in a moist spot, saying, "There is none to redeem it but thee;" or you may use green peas in the same way, but then you must wrap each pea up separately in paper before committing it to earth. Supposing you can not get green peas, and twine is not to be had, there is no need to despair: all you have got to do is to pick up the proper number of pebbles, put them in a bag, carry them to where four cross-roads meet, and fling the bag over your left shoulder, and go on your way rejoicing that you have thus transferred your warts to whoever chances to open the bag. In Cornwall they get a tramp to carry away their warts by writing the number of them inside his hat. A Leicester lady is reported to have removed a number of warts from a five-year-old boy by taking him and a packet of new pins to an ash-tree. A pin was struck through the bark of the tree, then through a wart, and then into the tree again, where it was left, the process being repeated until as many pins were sticking in the ash as the boy had warts. The latter were gone in one week's time.

Those more serious excrescences called wens are not to be charmed away so easily. A common snake must be taken by its head and tail and drawn slowly across the front of the patient's neck nine times before it is buried alive in a tightly corked bottle. Should this fail, the sufferer must wait till May-day comes round, and be up in the morning early enough to gather dew from a church-yard grave before the sun rises. Any grave will not answer; it must be that of the last young man or young woman buried there, the charm-seeker and charm-yielder being, of course, of opposite sexes; and the dew must be gathered by passing the hand thrice from the head to the foot of the grave, and applied immediately to the affected part. A yet surer wen-remover is the "dead-stroke," but it has the disadvantage of not being always come-at-able; indeed, this unpleasant charm was put down by Parliament when it made an end of public executions, for it would certainly be difficult to obtain permission to rub a dead criminal's hand three times over one's wen, especially as the virtue of the stroke departs with the cutting down of the body.

If you are plagued with a nose given to bleeding, catch a toad, kill him, put him in a bag, and the bag round your neck; but since a toad is not always at hand, another course is open to you—that is, to ask some one of the other sex to buy a lace for you; but you must not say why you want it, nor pay for it, nor thank the kind bringer; then, if you make a neck-tie of the lace for nine days, you will never more be troubled with such a disorder. Should you fail in obtaining the lace, get some wise old man or woman to repeat in your presence, but not in your hearing, these lines:

"Three virgins came over Jordan's land,
Each with a bloody knife in her hand;
Stem, blood, stem—Letherly stand!
Bloody nose, in God's name, mend!"

Are you troubled with that ache which no philosopher yet bore patiently, put a double nut, or, better still, a tooth out of a dead man's jaw, in your pocket, and you may defy the dentist. Always wear a snake's skin round your head, and headache will be unknown to you. Steal a potato, and as long as you carry it about you, rheumatism will not attack your limbs; if a potato is not to be filched, the right fore-foot of a hare will do, or, failing that, a bit of the wood of the mountain-ash. Coffin-rings, out of a grave, we need hardly say, or the patella of a sheep or lamb, worn as near the skin as may be convenient, will keep cramp at bay in the daytime; and to insure freedom from such a disagreeable bedfellow, all that is necessary is to make a cross upon the floor with the shoes and stockings, garter below the left knee, put the shoes beneath the counterpane with the toes just beyond it, or the slippers under the bed with their soles upward.

A tongue taken from a living fox prevents disease of any kind attacking the fortunate possessor. The slough of an adder hung on the rafters of a house renders insuring that house unnecessary; a house-leek in the roof makes it proof against the lightning's flash. When the wheat begins to show in Herefordshire, the farm-servants cut a branch of thorn before daybreak, burn part of it in a large fire in the field, and hang up the rest in the farm-house as a charm against mildew and smut. When a Northamptonshire hen-wife sets a hen, she is particular that the nest contains an odd number of eggs, and is careful to mark each egg with a small black cross to save it from four-footed poachers. A large stone having a natural hole through it, hung outside a cow-house, prevents the cattle having the nightmare; and farmers of the fifteenth century thought their beasts secure against murrain if marked with the mark of a saint, for one Thomas Egliston was paid ninepence for putting St. Wilfrid's mark upon sixteen oxen belonging to Cardinal Langley, Bishop of Durham, to the intent that they might escape such a visitation.

An old beldam, accused in the fifteenth century of curing diseases by witchcraft, was told by her judges they would set her at liberty if she would divulge her charm. She closed with the offer, and informed them that it consisted in repeating the words:

"My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse;
Thou art never the better,
I am never the worse!"

her fee being a penny and a loaf of bread. This deceiver let off her silly dupes more cheaply than the old crone who, a year or two ago, made a farm-laborer pay a guinea for a piece of parchment inscribed with sundry mysterious signs and foreign words, to be worn by his wife, whom she had pronounced to be "ill-wished." If any of our readers would like to know how the power of ill-wishing is to be obtained, we can tell them. Here is the potent ill-working charm: "Ye gang out ov a night, ivery night, while ye find nine toads; and when ye've gitten t' nine toads, ye hang 'em up ov a string, and ye make a hole and buries t' toads i' t' hole, and as t' toads pines away, so t' person pines away 'at you've looked upon wiv a yevil-eye, and they pine and pine away while they die, without ony disease at all!" This is the art of killing no murder made easy; but having every confidence in the good intentions of those we address, we feel no qualms of conscience for making them masters of the awful secret.

NOCTURNE.

Pale Twilight in her gown of gray
Comes swiftly down the western way,
With Moonshine hastening after;
And here among the woodland damps
She lights her pretty fire-fly lamps,
And stills the wild wind's laughter.

The lilies and the mignonette
Within the garden border set
Lift all their leaves to greet her.
With dewy kiss she doth requite
Their tenderness, and with delight
They straightway grow the sweeter.

The swallows from the ivied eaves
Fly in and out among the leaves
In household ministrations;
Their downy babies in the nest
Chirp softly as they go to rest,
And dream of future rations.

The brook in trilling monotone
Hath sleepy welcomes of its own;
The delicate cedars quiver.
But all the meadow sounds are still,
The flocks are folded on the hill,
Beyond the placid river.

Sweet Twilight, as thou com'st to these
With healing dew and soothing breeze,
So come thou unto me.
Bring gentle dreams and quiet rest;
Weave, weave thy spell, O shadowy guest,
In still benignity!

TWO SCENES IN A LIFE.

SCENE I.

Two young men were sitting in one of a suit of very handsomely furnished apartments in Jermyn Street.

It was the commencement of the London "season"—that is to say, the month of April, and about half past seven o'clock in the evening. The companions, having just finished a luxurious meal, were leisurely sipping their after-dinner wine.

Take a glance at them. The first, Philip Ritson, was a handsome but austere-looking man of about eight-and-twenty, with exceedingly brilliant black eyes and a deep olive complexion. The expression of his features was melancholy, and, together with his somewhat weird beauty, reminded one irresistibly at times of a fallen angel.

The second young man, Henry (or, as his friends called him, Harry) Annesley, was of an entirely different style. He was about twenty-five, tall and well knit, and had the blue-gray eyes, curling brown hair, and white teeth of a thorough Saxon. Both young men possessed ample and independent incomes.

The dining-parlor in which they sat (the chambers were young Annesley's) was well but not meretriciously furnished. All its appointments were in excellent taste. There were none of those showy but indecent French prints which disfigure the walls of so many young men's chambers. There was not a solitary popular dancer, a prize-fighter, nor even a Derby winner. In their place were a few water-color landscapes; two portraits, the one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other by Greuze; a country scene by Gainsborough, and one or two of Sir Edwin Landseer's gems of animal life. A stand or two of Cape heaths and camellia japonicas occupied the windows; and dispersed about the room were a few white marble statuettes, including models of Hiram Powers's "Greek Slave," a Wyatt, a Gibson, and a Benvenuto Cellini.

There was a small fire in the grate—for the season was chilly—and Ritson sat with his boots on the marble chimney-piece, moodily looking into the embers, and puffing at a choice Havana. Annesley, on the other hand, was not smoking, but abstractedly twisting his watch chain, and regarding his friend at intervals, with a somewhat puzzled expression on his comely, good-humored face.

"What! all in the downs, old man?" he said at length. "Fill your glass. Here you are! white wine and red: Amontillado sherry, white Hermitage, Château Lafitte, Clos Vougeot, Bra Mouton, all of the best brands! Come! what are you moping about?"

"My wife!" said the other, abruptly.

"Your wife! Good gracious!" and the sunny-natured Harry Annesley relapsed into thoughtful silence. He was too delicate and well-bred to push the matter further.

"Ha!" exclaimed Ritson, with a harsh laugh. "So you didn't know I was married, old boy? Few people *do*. I have hugged my chains in secret. Old story of the Spartan boy and fox, you know!" Then he took from his pocket one of a beautiful little brace of pistols which he always carried with him.

Harry Annesley moved uneasily in his chair. "I wish you would give up that fashion of carrying fire-arms, Phil," he said; "it is so thoroughly un-English."

"Maybe so," said Ritson; "but I'm half a Neapolitan, you know. I passed half my life in Naples: my mother was a Neapolitan; and," he added, defiantly, "I married a Neopolitan girl."

Annesley looked up involuntarily.

"Yes," continued Ritson; "and Rita was as beautiful as the night in a robe of stars. You know Byron's lines, 'She walks in beauty, like the night,' etc. Those lines exactly describe Rita."

"Is she dead?" asked Annesley, breathlessly.

"Dead! No. Would she were!"

"My dear fellow!" remonstrated Harry Annesley.

"Ah! it's very well to say that," returned Ritson, gloomily; "but *you* don't know what it is to have a beautiful wife made love to by a parcel of fellows: *I* couldn't stand it; and so—so she left me."

"You don't mean to say—" interrupted Annesley.

"That there was any thing positively wrong?" said Ritson, sharply. "No, I don't mean to say *that*. My perpetual jealousy wore her out, and she left me—*alone*, I believe. Yes, I think Rita is stainless."

"Ah!"

"'Incompatibility of temper,' I suppose the judge of a divorce court would term our ground of separation," continued Philip Ritson, with a bitter sneer. "I have nothing to say against my wife's morality. I don't allow her a penny, for the very simple reason that I don't know where she is. From the day she left me in Florence, nearly two years ago, I have never heard a syllable of her."

"Advertise," said Annesley, briefly.

"To what purpose? She would not return, even if I wished it; and I *don't*. I can't live with a woman who courts admiration from every man who approaches her—who is a born coquette, as most Southern women are. I should end by murdering her! No! better as it is!"

Annesley, who immediately came to the conclusion that his friend's mind was diseased from causeless jealousy—that he was a monomaniac on this point, in fact—thought it best to drop the subject. He said, soothingly, "Well, my dear Phil, we'll hope that 'all will be well that ends well,' and that I shall yet live to see you a happy Benedick, not to say a paterfamilias."

Ritson shook his head, and tapped his foot impatiently on the thick-piled Turkey carpet, but said nothing.

"So now," continued Annesley, smilingly, "as it's night, or nearly so, let us stroll down the central avenue of Covent Garden, buy a bouquet, and then on to the Opera-house to assist at the *début* of the new singer: that was our programme, you know. Come! stir your stumps, and light another cigar."

Ritson's face brightened momentarily. If he had a passion besides that for his absent wife, it was for music. So he rose with some alacrity, lighted another cigar, and drank off the remains of his glass of Clos Vougeot. Then this strange man examined his little pair of pistols.

"By Jove!" thought Harry Annesley, "I really must coax him out of that nonsense, or one of these days he will be doing some one a mischief in one of his sombre fits. Upon my word, he looks at times like Mephistopheles, or Cagliostro, or The Stranger, or some of those mysterious worthies." Then he said, aloud, "My dear Phil, *do* be persuaded to lay aside those nasty little barkers."

"So far from being nasty, they are exquisitely beautiful," said Ritson, coolly.

They certainly were so; for, though small, they were of choice workmanship, and splendidly ornamented and mounted.

"With a bullet scarcely larger than a pea," continued Ritson, "I could kill a man at seventy paces." He smiled sardonically.

"Good Heavens! my dear fellow, don't look like that!" exclaimed Annesley. "One would fancy that you were going to fight a duel rather than to witness the *début* of a beautiful and accomplished actress."

"How do you know that she *is* beautiful and accomplished?"

"Oh, pooh! all opera-singers—that is, lady opera-singers—are supposed to be beautiful and accomplished. Besides, have we not heard of this Mademoiselle Ritornelli, up hill and down dale, for the last month? Haven't we been inundated with extracts from Continental newspapers, chronicling her triumphant successes before half the crowned heads of Europe?—*vide* posters."

Ritson quietly returned his pistols to a small belt concealed beneath his waistcoat. "I am ready," he said, with a smile—actually a *smile*.

"But, Phil, really now," remonstrated Annesley, "if one of those little pistols should go off accidentally? Fellows don't go to the opera nowadays in this melodramatic, brigandish fashion."

Ritson quickly reseated himself. "Very good," he said, coolly; "as you please. If you don't choose to accompany me, I can go alone."

"I'd better humor him," thought Annesley: "it's a mania, certainly, and not a pleasant one; but I dare say no harm will come of it. No one will know of it, if only those little brutes of poppers don't go off of their own accord, as articles of that sort have an unpleasant habit of doing." So he took his friend's arm, and said, "Well, come along, old boy: I'm glad at least you have uncocked those abominations; so I suppose I must indulge your whim, and refrain from handing you over to the police when we reach Bow Street."

The young men strolled out arm in arm, and crossing the Haymarket and St. Martin's Lane, turned into the central avenue of Covent Garden Market.

Every one knows what that delicious lounge is in the London season. The most beautiful of floral productions delight the eye; the most delicious perfumes, from both fruits and flowers, assail the senses. Groups of superb bouquets, of camellias, azaleas, myosotis, violets, orange flowers, and geraniums, tastefully arranged in colored glasses, give to the arcade the appearance of one vast conservatory. Rhododendrons, azaleas, and flowering shrubs at the western entrance to the avenue form a floral screen-work to the treasures within. There we have colossal pines, leviathan grapes, and Brobdingnagian peaches; there are a few strawberries, in small "cornichons," marked at fabulous prices. Tamarinds and bananas from the West Indies lie side by side with the shaddock and the guava. Shelled pease, almost worth their weight in gold, are flanked by baskets of snowy sea-kale and pink-tipped asparagus. Punnets of early potatoes nestle close to foamy-headed cauliflowers; and small bundles of French beans (containing each some fifteen pods, and marked "Only 4*s.* the bundle") combine to make up a show of luxury to obtain which the four quarters of the globe have paid tribute, and to constitute the attractions of a promenade in which Lucullus himself might have taken delight.

Ritson and young Annesley stopped at Solomon's to purchase a superb bouquet (Harry remarking that it was the duty of the *jeunesse dorée* of England to encourage a foreigner and a *débutante*), and proceeding to the Covent Garden Opera-house, took their seats in their stalls—both young men being regular subscribers.

The beautiful horseshoe-shaped theatre was already crowded to repletion with as much of the rank, fashion, beauty, and wealth of the metropolis as could by any possibility be crammed into it. Silks rustled, velvets and satins shimmered, diamonds glittered, and feathers waved. The atmosphere was almost oppressive with the scent of the costly bouquets and the still more powerful perfumes used by the fair owners of them. There were collected all the celebrities of the bar, the senate, the army and navy, the leaders of fashion. The millionaire *parvenu* was side by side with the noble of a hundred descents. The very essence of the intellectual, territorial, and moneyed powers of the mightiest capital in the world was collected within the walls of that splendid temple of the lyric drama. An eager yet subdued buzz of anticipation pervaded the house. To the *habitués* of the opera, who have to witness the same *rôles*, filled by the same singers, season after season, the *début* of an artiste with a great Continental reputation, but as yet unheard in this country, is always pregnant with interest.

The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia;* the part of the haughty but meretricious Grand Duchess of Ferrara being, of course, played by the *débutante.* It is needless to describe the phases of this operatic *rôle.* Scenes similar have been so often described in print that they become stale by repetition. Mademoiselle Ritornelli met with the usual indulgent reception accorded to a prima donna; but as her genius made itself felt by the house, the enthusiasm rose with each succeeding scene, until, when the guilty Duchess (after discovering her latest lover to be no other than her own son) sinks beneath the weight of her remorse, it culminated in a storm of applause, a shower of bouquets, and the customary calls and recalls before the curtain. It was like one of the ovations always awarded to the incomparable Grisi.

Before the actress, laden with her floral trophies, had made her final courtesy to the audience, Harry Annesley turned to his companion. "A splendid performance!" he remarked.

But he was astonished at the deadly pallor which had overspread the features of his friend, who with one hand clutched convulsively the arm of his stall, and with the other crushed the bouquet he had brought for the new singer, until its costly petals showered, bruised and broken, to the ground.

"Are you ill, Philip?" inquired young Annesley.

"Let us go!" said Ritson, in a hoarse voice. "Let us go round to the stage-door. Come!" And he rose.

"To the stage-door!" exclaimed Harry. "What for? Besides, I want to see the ballet."

But Ritson had already almost reached the last of the row of stalls, and Annesley, with some curiosity, a little vexation, and still more anxiety, mechanically followed him.

There was a small crowd collected round the stage-door to see the new opera-singer depart. Her carriage was already in waiting.

Presently a slight stir was heard, and Mademoiselle Ritornelli, escorted by the manager, made her appearance. Annesley felt his friend tremble violently. The steps of the carriage were rapidly let down by the footman, and the prima donna's foot was actually on them, when there was a flash, an exclamation, and the sudden report of a pistol, and the actress sank back, fainting, in the arms of the manager.

"Seize him! seize the murderer!" cried the excited crowd; and a dozen gentlemen rushed forward to secure Ritson—for it was he who had fired one of his little pistols. But he slipped from the grasp of his would-be custodians, and fell forward heavily on the pavement.

All this while Harry Annesley stood like one paralyzed, and in speechless horror.

A surgeon in the crowd was meanwhile anxiously examining the insensible opera-singer. "She is not dead," he said: "only in a swoon; her arm is broken—nothing more."

A faint cheer arose at this, as the actress was lifted into her carriage, accompanied by the surgeon who had spoken, and driven rapidly away.

Then the crowd rapidly turned their attention to the unfortunate Philip Ritson, the would-be assassin, and he was raised from the pavement.

There was no need to give him into custody now. The sudden exit from a heated theatre into the chill night air, acting on an excited and diseased brain, had produced apoplexy.

Philip Ritson was dead.

SCENE II.

The affair was a nine days' wonder, of course, especially when it was known that the new prima donna was not in reality Mademoiselle Ritornelli, but Mrs. Ritson, and that her own husband had attempted her assassination.

Then Mrs. Ritson retired from the stage (she had already realized a fair income by her efforts on the Continent), and the recollection of the tragedy died out of the minds of the ever-changing public, to give way to some newer sensation.

* * * * * *

Four or five months had elapsed, and it was the close of an unusually sultry August. All London was, of course, to use a conventional phrase, "out of town," and, among others, Henry Annesley. He was on a fishing excursion in the midland counties, the banks of the lovely little river Dove being his temporary resting-place.

The weather, as remarked, was unusually sultry; too much so, in fact, for either grayling or trout to rise well; but Annesley was indefatigable at his sport, and was out early and late. His friend's sudden death had been a shock to him; but youth is buoyant, and speedily shakes off melancholy impressions. Besides, Philip Ritson and Henry Annesley had not been dear friends. Their regard was not of that sort which lasts a lifetime, and which, once lost, can not be replaced. It was rather the mutual *liking* of young men thrown together by the force of circumstances in the daily whirlpool of London life.

It was a magnificent afternoon. There was not a ripple on the little river, not a cloud in the blue sky, not a rustle of grass or fern. The Dove trickled its way gently through the boulders which here and there oppose its course, and which form so prominent and picturesque a feature in the scenery of this river. To fish, with such a bright sun glaring on the water, was simply impossible. So Annesley lay quietly, at his full length, in the shadow of some huge boulders, half hidden in fern and grass, and occupied himself with the perusal of a small volume of Victor Hugo's he chanced to have in his pocket.

At this point of the river it had collected itself into two or three calm, still, dark-looking pools, as it frequently does, on its onward progress. The boulders which intercepted the river's course formed a sort of natural dam, or weir, through which small rivulets trickled down, and falling with a pleasant, murmurous gurgle, again joined the main stream.

It was as peaceful and picturesque a spot as is to be found in the whole of Derbyshire, and Annesley, who had all the elements of a true poet in his nature, thoroughly enjoyed the contemplation of it. The book he was reading was not, it is true, calculated to induce a placid state of mind. It was the famous work, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, by the greatest of French romance writers, and the part of it to which Annesley had come was the horrible chapter describing Gilliatt's struggle with the sea-monster, the "Medusa" of naturalists, and his discovery of the skeleton of Clavin, a victim to the same horrible vampire. Annesley shuddered as he read, and at last, throwing aside the volume, looked impatiently at the sky. "Not a cloud," he muttered; "but a good two hours before the trout will begin to rise. Heigho!" Then he arose, and looked round him.

At a distance of a little less than a quarter of a mile he observed two ladies following the course of the river, and advancing in his direction. They had been sketching, but apparently finding the work too arduous under so hot a sun, had taken up their camp-stools, and were sauntering along the river-bank. There is nothing especially remarkable in the fact of lady tourists sketching on the banks of so beautiful a river. But yet young Harry Annesley—he knew not why—watched their progress in his direction with more than common interest. As they approached sufficiently close for him to discriminate between them, he perceived the younger but taller of the two was habited in widow's weeds, while her companion—much older, and of a short, squat, matronly figure—appeared to be a sort of duenna; possibly an elderly aunt or other female relative. The good lady probably had a *penchant* for botany, for she was rather excitedly pointing out to her companion an aquatic plant, which the younger was vainly endeavoring to reach with the curved handle of her parasol.

Henry Annesley advanced, of course, as any gentleman would on such an occasion. "Can I be of any service to you, ladies?" he inquired, politely raising his hat as he spoke. The younger lady looked up at the sound of his low, melodious voice, and regarded his flushed and handsome face with evident interest. The elder lady was profuse in her thanks.

Annesley's pulse throbbed and his heart beat quicker; for in that momentary glance of the lady in the widow's garb he had at once recognized the fascinating *ci-devant* opera-singer, Mademoiselle Ritornelli, otherwise Mrs. Ritson. Too seldom had she been out of the young man's thoughts since the night of the eventful tragedy at the stage-door of Covent Garden Theatre.

Mrs. Ritson, of course, could not on her part recognize young Annesley, as it will be remembered that immediately after her husband had endeavored to take her life she had become insensible. Thus she said, quite calmly and unembarrassed, "I certainly should be obliged to you, Sir, if you could reach me that small yellow flower, the one beside that small boulder, with a blossom like a star."

"It is the Stellaria—um—thing-a-my-bob—I forget the Latin name, for the moment," cried the old lady, excitedly; "and very rare indeed. I have no specimen in my collection. Oh, take care, Sir!" she added, as Annesley bent forward.

She might well caution the young man, for the bank was here somewhat precipitous, and overhung one of those dark deep pools (the lurking-place of the leviathan trout) before spoken of. Anxious to oblige Mrs. Ritson, Annesley had somewhat overreached himself and slipped. As he fell the late opera-singer instinctively clutched at his coat as one involuntarily does when one sees a fellow-creature in danger. But the impetus of the young man's body, suddenly thrown forward, was such that he not only fell violently into the pool, but in his descent dragged Mrs. Ritson with him, while the old lady on the bank stood uselessly shrieking and waving her parasol, after the manner of old ladies unexpectedly frightened or confused.

For a moment the two forms were seen struggling in the water, and then Annesley appeared above the surface, holding Mrs. Ritson by the hair of her head (always the safest way to rescue a drowning person). The lady, on her part, showed wonderful self-possession and presence of mind, never endeavoring to struggle or to scream out. She thus allowed the young man to tow her, as it were, to the bank, where, by the aid of the elder lady (who had by this time recovered her equanimity, for she was really a woman of excellent sense and strong nerves, but had been momentarily panic-stricken), the pair managed to scramble up the boulders, none the worse save for a drenching, which, beneath a hot August sun, was not a matter of very serious moment.

There was no time for sentiment; it was necessary that the young lady should at once proceed home to change her clothing. There had, in truth, been no imminent danger, for young Annesley was an expert swimmer. Of course, however, if the lady had impeded him by struggling, fatal results might have ensued. As it was, there was more than sufficient reason for an introduction, which the young widow briefly made as follows:

"I am Mrs. Ritson, and this is Mrs. Brand, a lady who is kind enough to do me the honor of living with me as my friend and companion. We are staying for a month at the 'Silver Grayling,' in the village yonder, and only arrived this morning. I can not express my thanks to you now, as you see, but we shall be delighted to see you at breakfast to-morrow morning, at ten."

Before Annesley could do more than bow an acknowledgment, Mrs. Brand and Mrs. Ritson had turned, and were walking rapidly homeward. He had not even introduced himself.

"The 'Silver Grayling'—how very strange!" muttered the young man. "And only arrived this morning. The very house in which I am staying!"

It was, in fact, a curious coincidence. Harry Annesley had left the inn at sunrise, as was his wont, he being an ardent angler, and thinking nothing of spending an entire day at his favorite pursuit. Trout rise at the fly most eagerly in the early morning and at sundown. Thus the young man had set out from the "Silver Grayling" some hours before Mrs. Ritson's traveling carriage had driven up to it.

Not many young men of twenty-five would fail to keep an appointment with a young and pretty widow, more especially when already half in love with the fair inviter; therefore, that Harry Annesley was ushered by the landlord of the "Silver Grayling," at the appointed time next morning, into the suit of apartments occupied by Mrs. Brand and Mrs. Ritson, may be taken for granted. A first interview, under such circumstances, must to some extent be embarrassing; and great was Mrs. Ritson's astonishment when she had drawn from young Annesley (for he was much too well-bred to have alluded to the subject of his own accord) that he was so well acquainted with her late husband and with a portion of her own history.

The landlord of the "Silver Grayling" had done all that he could for the honor of his hostelry. "*He* knew how to 'tend on them as were quality," he said, with an air of importance, to his wife. "He hadn't lived twenty years butler with Lord Kickleshanks for naught—not *he.*" Accordingly, there was a choice little breakfast of broiled trout and grayling, grilled grouse, a cold blackcock, the inevitable ham and eggs, home-made bread, tea, coffee, and even chocolate; and there was a basket of apricots, and another of Orleans plums, on which the partner of the worthy Boniface especially prided herself, averring, with some truth, that "wall-fruit were na so common in that part of the country." To crown all, there was a small wicker flask of exquisite Maraschino; for the landlord's long service with Lord Kickleshanks had told him what a *chasse-café* meant.

This choice little meal having been disposed of, it was natural that the conversation should turn on the accident of the day before. There was, however, but little said on the subject; for Mrs. Ritson having made her acknowledgments, and Annesley having laughingly made light of his service, there was no more to be said. He even added that he ought to apologize, as it was he who, through his clumsiness, had in his fall dragged Mrs. Ritson into the river.

There are some persons with whom we instinctively feel that the experience of a lifetime would never set us at ease. There is, so to speak, a hidden and antagonistic element in their natures, which will not coalesce with our own. Oil and water can not amalgamate. But there are others whom our soul flies out to meet. We feel, after a day's acquaintance, as if we had known them all our lives; nay, we can scarcely realize that there was ever a time when we did not know and love them. This is what metaphysicians call "animal magnetism." But we suppose that all engaged lovers have experienced this blissful feeling, and felt also the utter impossibility of believing that there was ever a time when they were unacquainted with each other.

Such was undoubtedly the case with Annesley and Mrs. Ritson before a week had elapsed since their first interview. If you would judge the widow harshly for again thinking of matrimony at so early a period of her widowhood, you must bear in mind that she had not loved her first husband. She had married him partly out of compassion for his fierce devotion to herself, and partly under that involuntary influence which a passionate and determined nature (such as that of Ritson) will often exercise over that of a woman of romantic and poetical temperament. We have numberless instances of this in real life, as in fiction. Novelists are aware of the fact, when they make their delicate, sylph-like heroines fall violently in love with stern, rugged heroes of the brigand type. Byron knew it when he wrote the *Corsair.*

Honorita Ritson must therefore be pardoned if, after a loveless marriage, she was a little too ready to fall in love when for the first time in her life she met her ideal, and, moreover, when that ideal was so evidently in love with herself. What woman whose heart was disengaged could long remain insensible to the advances of such a man as Harry Annesley? Handsome, amiable, wealthy, winning, accomplished, and the heir to an earldom (at his uncle's death), there were combined in this attractive young man all the attributes that the heart of the most exacting and fastidious woman could possible require.

So the weeks stole on, and the month during which Mrs. Ritson had told Annesley that she and her friend Mrs. Brand were to stay at the "Silver Grayling" had long since passed. August had given way to September, September to October, and November was fast hastening to December, before the lovers became conscious that a move homeward must be made. Mrs. Brand had for some time been complaining of rheumatic twinges, and had expressed her decided opinion that the banks of a river afforded a scarcely desirable residence in the month of November. But lovers are proverbially selfish, and the old lady's hints met with but little attention. The fishing season had passed, but still Annesley lingered on: there was this excursion to be planned, and that curiosity to be inspected; there were plants to be gathered and arranged, and minerals to be collected. And on almost all these occasions Mrs. Brand was compelled to play the part of propriety, till the poor old lady wished, in her wrath, that the river Dove had never had an existence, and had serious thoughts of requesting Mrs. Ritson to provide herself with another companion. "But there! she's done *that* already, or I'm much mistaken," sighed the old lady. "It's easy to see she won't want *me* long!"

But the old lady's forebodings were not realized; for when Mrs. Ritson announced to her that at the expiration of her year of widowhood she should give her hand to Annesley, she at the same time requested that Mrs. Brand would continue to reside with them—an offer which that worthy lady gratefully accepted.

It was the evening prior to the departure of the comfortable little party from the "Silver Grayling." The trio were gathered together in Mrs. Ritson's sitting-room. Candles were unlighted, but the curtains were drawn, and a cheerful fire burned on the hearth. The tea equipage stood ready on the round table, and Mrs. Brand—good soul!—overcome by the soporific influences of the hour, had fallen asleep over her knitting. A warm glow pervaded the apartment, although the candles were unlit. Lovers delight in the fire-light; they have so many tender little nothings to whisper to each other, that lose half their charm when spoken under an illumination from wax-candles or a "moderator" lamp.

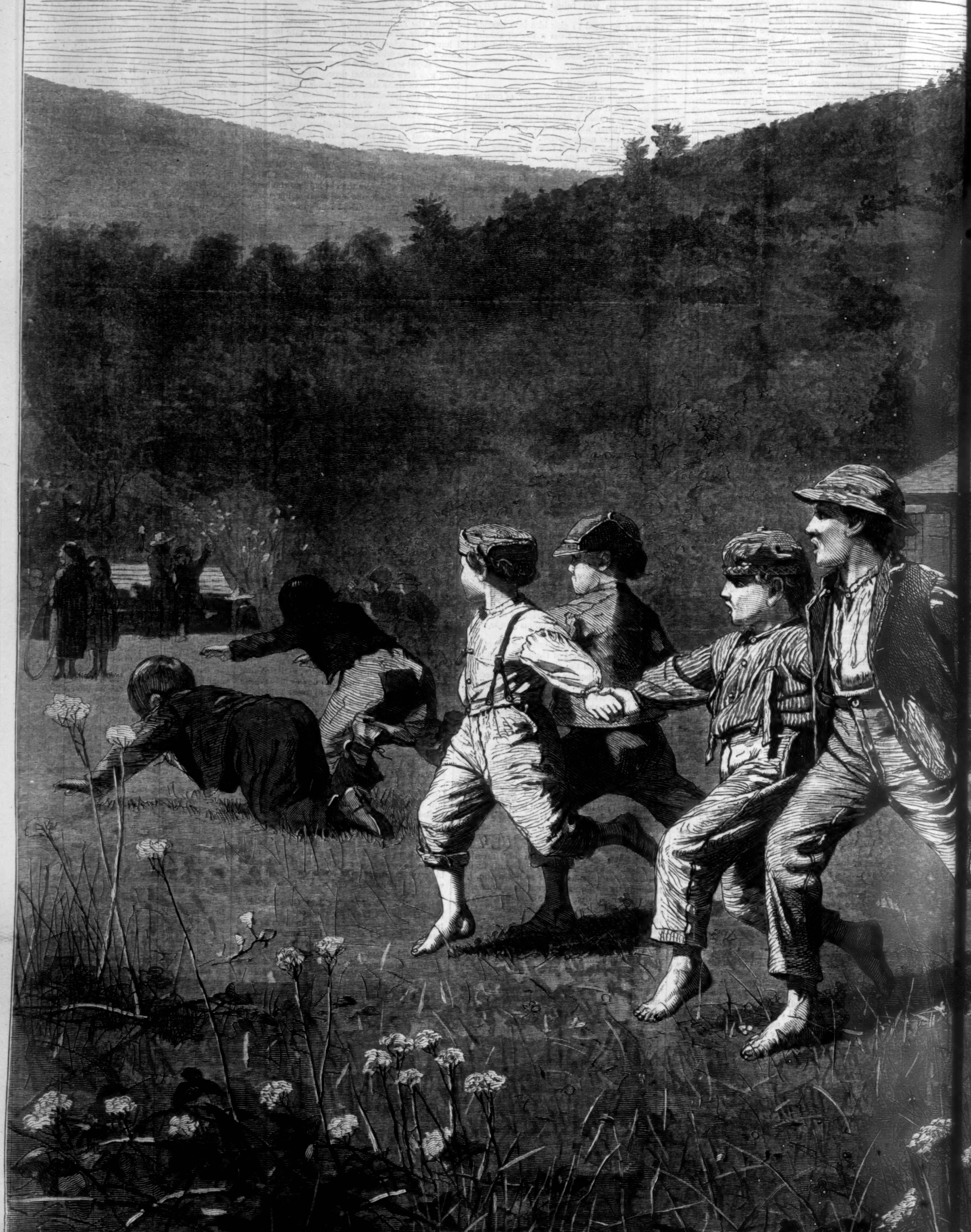
The engaged couple sat side by side on the sofa, and Mrs. Ritson had just concluded telling her betrothed husband the history of her life.

It was a painful one; for Honorita L——, left an orphan at an early age, had been confided to the care of a parsimonious and peevish-tempered aunt, who, looking upon the young girl as an expensive incumbrance, had done her best to make her miserable, and thus predisposed to escape from such thralldom by means of the first matrimonial chance that offered itself. In this state of mind Honorita first met with young Philip Ritson, then making a Continental tour, and for a few days resident at Naples. The Englishman fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful Neapolitan girl; and she, flattered by the attentions of a rich and handsome young fellow, saw in his passion a ready means of escaping from the tyranny of her aunt. There was nothing to prevent the marriage. Rita was well-born, the daughter of a Neapolitan merchant, who had, however, died poor, on account of the treacherous defalcations of his partner in business. Against Signor L——'s own honor there was no breath of suspicion. As for Honorita, her sole inheritance (and that from her mother) was an exquisite soprano voice.

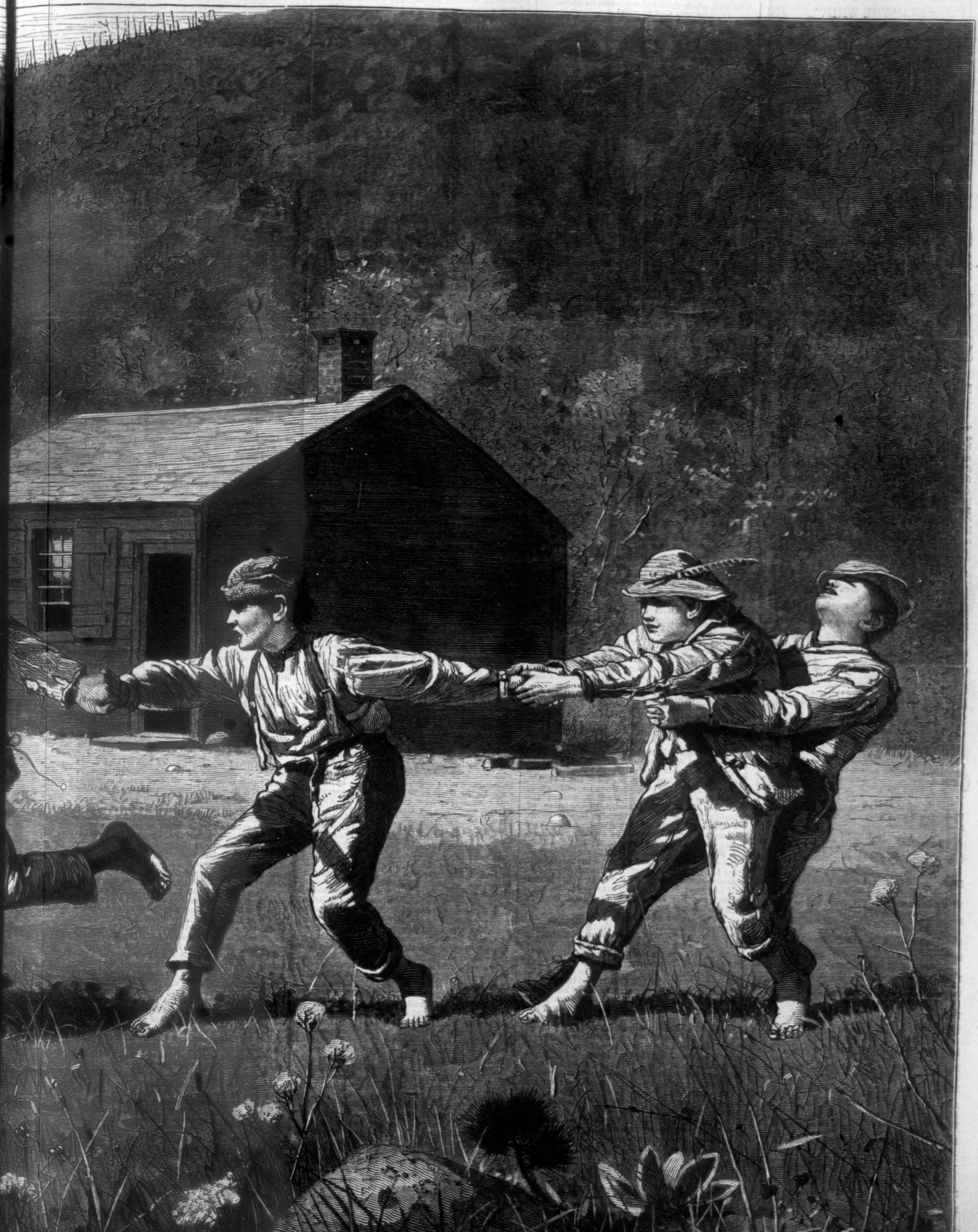
So Philip Ritson and Honorita were married: with what result we already know. The lady, wearied out by her husband's groundless jealousy, left him and adopted the stage as a profession.

"You now know, dearest," she said in conclusion, to Annesley, "every secret of my life. You witnessed that most terrible act of it at the stage-door of Covent Garden."

"Yes, my darling!" returned the young man. "But the curtain has fallen on that act: it now rises on the final one. Forget the past, dearest Rita, as you would a fantastic dream. And let us hope—as we will pray—that with Heaven's blessing the second act of your life's drama shall wipe out the painful memory of the first."



“SNAP-THE-WHIP.”—DRAWN BY INSLOW



Inslow Homer.—[See Page 826.]

"SNAP-THE-WHIP."

OUR beautiful double-page illustration this week, from the hand of **WINSLOW HOMER**, is one that will delight the eyes of every schoolboy, and awaken pleasant memories for those who look back through intervening years to the days when their own thoughts were as free from care, and life sat lightly on their hearts. **GRAY**'s touching lines will recur to every reader:

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy led,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!"

We were about to quote the succeeding stanzas, but remembering the sage admonition of the poet that

"where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,"

we refrain. Our illustration is engraved from the original picture purchased by Mr. **PARK GODWIN** at the sale of the **SHERWOOD** collection.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE."

AFTER twenty years of exile, Victor Hugo was in Paris during the winter of 1870–71, accompanied by his youngest son, Charles, and his wife, and by their two little children, George and Jeanne, to whom their grandfather is much attached. His sorrow for his afflicted country found expression in a magnificent poem, called *L'Année Terrible*. It consists of detached poems, inspired by a lofty patriotism, interspersed here and there with tender strains of domestic love or sorrow. The first of the following extracts was written to one of his grandchildren.

TO A CHILD, ILL DURING THE SIEGE.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER, 1870.

If, always thus so pale, you breathe our air,
With poison filled;
If shades of death I see both entering here
Old man and child;
If various destinies thus strangely blend;
Though on my knee
I watch thee, Jeanne, and pray my coming end
Be far from thee;
If still transparent hands all frail you show,
While cradled there,
Trembling, you seem to wait your wings, as though
Small bird you were;
If earth, which clinging roots would gladly bind,
You will not prize;
If all our hidden thoughts you questioning find
With stern, sweet eyes;
If I can't see you strong, blushing, and gay;
If sad you dream,
And will not fast behind you bar the way
By which you came;
If you'll not show me, like a woman fair,
Firm step and smile,
But, tiny soul, you seem just 'lighted there
To rest a while—
I'll think that here, where oft on swaddling gown
Close treads the tomb,
You mean no stay, but came, some angel, down
To lead me home.

Shortly after the close of the first siege of Paris the son, Charles Victor Hugo, died of fever.

MOURNING.

WRITTEN MARCH, 1871.

Charles, Charles, my son! hast thou, then, quitted me?
Must all fade, naught endure?
Hast vanished in that radiance, clear for thee,
But still for us obscure?

My sunset lingers, boy, thy morn declines!
Sweet mutual love we've known;
For man, alas! plans, dreams, and smiling twines
With others' souls his own.

He cries "This has no end!" pursues his way:
He soon is downward bound:
He lives, he suffers; in his grasp one day
Mere dust and ashes found.

I've wandered twenty years, in distant lands,
With sore heart forced to stay:
Why fell the blow Fate only understands!
God took my home away.

To-day one daughter and one son remain
Of all my goodly show:
Well-nigh in solitude my dark hours wane;
God takes my children now.

Linger, ye two still left me! though decays
Our nest, our hearts remain;
In gloom of death your mother silent prays,
I in this life of pain.

Martyr of Sion! holding Thee in sight,
I'll drain this cup of gall,
And scale with step resolved that dangerous height,
Which rather seems a fall.

Truth is sufficient guide; no more man needs
Than end so nobly shown.
Mourning, but brave, I march; where duty leads,
I seek the vast unknown.

TO HIS ORPHAN GRANDCHILDREN.

WRITTEN JULY, 1871.

I feel thy presence, Charles. Sweet martyr! down
In earth, where men decay,
I search, and see from cracks which rend thy tomb
Burst out pale morning's ray.

Close linked are bier and cradle: here the dead,
To charm us, live again:
Kneeling, I mourn, when on my threshold sounds
Two little children's strain.

George, Jeanne, sing on! George, Jeanne, unconscious play!
Your father's form recall,
Now darkened by his sombre shade, now gilt
By beams that wandering fall.

O knowledge! what thy use? did we not know
Death holds no more the dead;
But Heaven, where, hand in hand, angel and star
Smile at the grave we dread?
A Heaven, which childhood represents on earth.
Orphans, may God be nigh!
That God, who can your bright steps turn aside
From darkness, where I sigh.

All joy be yours, though sorrow bows me down!
To each his fitting wage:
Children, I've passed life's span, and men are plagued
By shadows at that stage.

Hath any done—nay, only half performed—
The good he might for others?
Hath any conquered hatred, or had strength
To treat his foes like brothers?

E'en he who's tried his best hath evil wrought:
Pain springs from happiness:
My heart has triumphed in defeat, my pulse
Ne'er quickened at success.

I seemed the greater when I felt the blow:
The prick gives sense of gain;
Since to make others bleed my courage fails,
I'd rather bear the pain.

To grow is sad, since evils grow no less;
Great height is mark for all:
The more I have of branches, more of clustering boughs,
The ghastlier shadows fall.

Thence comes my sadness, though I grant your charms:
Ye are the outbursting
Of the pure soul in bloom, steeped in the draughts
Of nature's boundless spring.

George is the sapling, hatched in mournful soil;
Jeanne's folding petals shroud
A mind which trembles at our uproar, yet
Half longs to speak aloud.

Give, then, my children—lowly, blushing plants,
Whom sorrow waits to seize—
Free course to instincts, whispering 'mid the flowers,
Like hum of murmuring bees.

Some day you'll find that chaos comes, alas!
That angry lightning's hurled,
When any cheer the People, Atlas huge,
Grim bearer of the world!

You'll see that, since our fate is ruled by chance,
Each man, unknowing, great,
Should frame life so that at some future hour
Fact and his dreamings meet.

I, too, when death is past, one day shall grasp
That end I know not now;
And over you will bend me down, all filled
With dawn's mysterious glow.

I'll learn what means this exile, what this shroud
Enveloping your prime,
And why the truth and sweetness of one man
Seem to all others crime.

I'll hear—though midst these dismal boughs you sang—
How came it that for me,
Who every pity feel for every woe,
So vast a gloom could be.

I'll know why night relentless holds me, why
So great a pile of doom:
Why endless frost infolds me, and methinks
My very food's a tomb:

Why all these battles, all these tears, regrets,
And sorrows were my share;
And why God's will of me a cypress made,
When roses bright ye were.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE present struggle in the Church of England gives importance to the classification of its dignitaries in respect of the schools of opinion to which they belong. According to Dr. **LITTLEDALE**, the High-Church school holds seven bishoprics out of twenty-eight, and five deaneries out of thirty; the Broad-Church, five sees and five deaneries; the Low-Church, one-fourth; "the colorless and nondescript" (the phrase is Dr. **LITTLEDALE**'s), nine bishops and eleven deaneries. It is claimed that Mr. **GLADSTONE** has distributed his patronage among all the parties, but inclining most to the High-Church.

The foreign delegates to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, in October, are already arriving in considerable numbers. Among those who have reached New York are the Rev. Dr. **JOSEPH PARKER**, Congregationalist, of London, author of *Ad Clerum*, and other works; the Rev. W. **FLEMING STEVENSON**, Presbyterian, of Dublin, author of the exquisite little volume, *Praying and Working;* Dr. **ARNOT**, of the Free Church of Scotland; Dr. **KRUMMACHER**, of Prussia; Dr. F. **CORLIER**, of Geneva; and Professor J. F. **ASTIE**, of Lausanne. Among those who have already sailed, and are expected this month, are Dr. **DORNER**, the author of the *History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ;* Dr. **STOUGHTON**, of London; Professor **LEARTES**, Bampton Lecturer; and the Rev. R. **PAYNE SMITH**, Dean of Canterbury.

The Emperor of Germany has expressed the warmest interest in the meeting of the Alliance. Dr. **SCHAFF** writes of an interview had with him August 10: "His Majesty assured me that he sustained precisely the same relation to the Alliance which his brother, King **FREDERICK WILLIAM** IV., had publicly expressed in 1857, on the occasion of the General Conference then held at Berlin. The Emperor assured me of his fervent wish that the approaching Conference might have given to it from above the spirit of wisdom and power, and lead to a closer union among Christians of all denominations and countries, which his Majesty felt to be of the utmost importance, especially in these times of conflict with infidelity on the one hand, and of superstition on the other. Only a united army, his Majesty added, can conquer the enemy, and enjoy the fruits of victory. In laboring for true Christian union we act in the spirit of Christ, who prayed for it before He offered himself a sacrifice for the sin of the world."

It is true that the Alliance does not need the patronage of kings or emperors; but in view of the work which the head of the German empire has on hand, these are cheering words.

JOSEPH ARCH, the Wesleyan local preacher and the emancipator of the farm-laborers of England, is coming to America. An account of his life has already been given in *Harper's Monthly*. According to the *Beehive*, the object of his visit is "to make the way out of England easier for those who may decide to make their home in the New World or elsewhere."

Mr. **ARCH**'s exertions for the elevation of his class were prompted by his own sufferings as a laborer, starving on nine shillings a week. Study, travel, and preaching enlarged his mind until he reached a full comprehension of the causes of much of the misery of the poor of England. "Already," says the *Beehive*, "as the fruit of his labor, there have been improved wages; already the falsehoods which covered the awful degradation of our rural population have been swept away like a foul fog before the freshening breeze; already the political claims of the working-men in our counties have been admitted by some of our leading statesmen, and with the stout help of the workers in our towns these claims will ere long be established."

America will give a hearty welcome to **JOSEPH ARCH**.

The confessional controversy still runs high in England. The recent movements are thus summed up: "The Bishops of Gloucester and Chichester have promulgated their opinions on the subject. Anti-confessional meetings continue to be held in the provinces, and they are well attended. The Bishop of Durham is pursuing the same policy against the ritualists which has marked his career for some time. The bishop has also preached a strong sermon in opposition to the idea of a priesthood. The Dean of Carlisle has published a letter in which he declares his opposition to any private conferences of a penitent with a priest under the plea of seeking advice and spiritual direction. For personal, individual confession of sin there is, he says, no shred of example in Holy Writ. The vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, have had the Bishop of London's pastoral on confession under consideration, and carried a resolution expressing disappointment at the comparative indifference with which his lordship seemed to view the introduction of auricular confession into the Church of England."

Dr. J. P. **THOMPSON**, the ex-pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle of this city, has done his country a good service by the preparation and publication in Europe of his essay on *Church and State in the United States*. The conditions under which the Christian religion exists in America are a perpetual puzzle to the higher intelligence of Europe. The late Dr. **BAIRD** was led by the same impulses which have moved Dr. **THOMPSON** to prepare his *Religion in America*. Dr. **THOMPSON** explains the working of the voluntary system in such a way as to prove that it is no disadvantage to religion and good morals, but quite the contrary.

In illustrating the patriotism of the American churches, Dr. **THOMPSON** tells an incident in the history of his own congregation—the Tabernacle—which is worth recording:

> "It was in that darkest hour when delays and defeats had so blighted hope that treason came out from its lurking-places in the North, and hissed its venom at the government; when the President hesitated either to enforce the draft or to call for volunteers; and when timid conservatives began to say, 'We had better give it up, and make terms.' The pastor came into the pulpit with a plea for Christian manhood, saying, 'Of what avail are our churches if we shall no longer have a government or a country? Of what worth is our Christianity if it can not preserve these? If the government can not save the country, let the churches save both. Let this church call for volunteers, equip a regiment, and put it into the field, to show that we will never give it up.' At the close of the service some one called upon the congregation to remain, proposed a subscription for a church regiment, and before night of that memorable Sabbath upward of $30,000 were laid upon the altar. Two women sent each $500, saying, 'We can not go; put men in our stead.' That action went like a flash of electricity through the land. It brought letters of thanks from Senators at Washington, from members of the cabinet, from generals in the field. It cheered the burdened heart of the President, and gave new courage to his indomitable Minister of War."

The bill for the separation of church and state in Spain guarantees the entire independence of religious corporations under present conditions. The nuns are, as now, to have their pensions, which after death will revert to the state. Buildings erected for religious purposes will not be disturbed.

The pilgrims from England to Paray-le-Monial, who left September 2, did not go without the blessings of the Catholic hierarchy. In the address to the Duke of Norfolk and his associates it is noteworthy how conspicuous the conflict of the Church with Germany is made: "Go, then," say the bishops, "dearly beloved son, you and your companions, and, in the sight of this world, which knows not how to pray, make supplication to the most loving Heart of Jesus. Pray for our pontiff **PIUS**; for the whole Church throughout the world; for the bishops and priests, and the faithful of Christ, *who in Germany and in Switzerland are gloriously striving against the tyranny of unbelievers and the wickedness of destroyers;* for the nations once Christian, but which to-day are miserably fallen from the faith; and lastly, pray, all of you, with earnestness for our beloved England, that from the side of Jesus, which was opened for us with the lance, the fullness of all sanctity and fortitude may flow down upon us."

This revival of a politico-religious zeal is leading to ever-increasing international complications.

It is a legitimate and gratifying item of religious intelligence that the Jubilee Singers, who are trying, with the proceeds of their concerts, to endow the "Fisk University," have had an enthusiastic reception in Scotland. They made their first appearance there at Castle Wemyss, on the west coast. Says an English paper: "Among those present were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady **EDITH ASHLEY**, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. **EVELYN ASHLEY**, Hon. **CECIL ASHLEY**, Sir **PETER** and Lady **COATS**, Mr. **DALRYMPLE**, M.P., the captain and officers of H.M.S. *Malabar*, the venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. **PREST**, and most of the local gentry. For the Jubilee Singers Mr. **BURNS** had erected a platform under the walls of Castle Wemyss, and the select audience were seated on the lawn. The open-air singing was more trying than usual to the singers, and there was a heavy shower of rain for a short time; but for two hours they charmed and entranced the assembled listeners with their strains. The Lord's Prayer was chanted with so much effect that it was repeated at the request of Lord **SHAFTESBURY**. The noble earl, at Mr. **BURNS**'s request, at the close of singing, gave a short account of the singers and their mission. He said that the audience had listened to them singing the Lord's Prayer with a depth of feeling which he had seldom heard equaled, and he believed that they prayed as they sang."

The Rev. **WILLIAM TAYLOR**, whose very successful labors in Bombay have been widely noticed by the press, has commenced a similar work in Calcutta. In less than a year from the time of beginning preaching in Bombay he had five missionaries co-operating with him; he has already called for six to assist him in Calcutta. A church has been organized among the English-speaking population, and a place of worship will be erected at a cost of $20,000. One-half of the sum needed has been given by a gentleman in Bombay.

The *German Mercury* publishes a biographical sketch of Dr. **REINKENS**, the Old Catholic bishop, which, though crammed with dates and as dry as a catalogue, contains some valuable facts. "He was born at Burtscheid, near Aachen, on the 1st of March, 1821, so that he is now in his fifty-third year. His father owned a distillery and some little property, which he was unfortunate enough to lose. On that account **REINKENS**, after his mother's death, in 1836, had to work for the support of his father at manual labor. In 1844 he went to Bonn, where he studied with so much zeal and success that in his first year he received the prize from the philosophical faculty for an essay on *The Idea and Definition of Virtue among the Greeks*. In the autumn of 1847 he passed his theological examinations at Cologne in the first class, then entered the priests' seminary there, was first among the candidates for examination, and on the 3d of September, 1848, was ordained a priest. In March, 1850, he went to Breslau, where he lectured on church history as a Privatdocent. The following year his work on **CLEMENT** of Alexandria was published, and in the spring of 1853 he became extraordinary, and four years afterward ordinary, Professor of Church History. Until 1865 he had been thrice dean of the Catholic faculty, and from 1865 to 1866 he was rector of the University of Breslau. Since January 20, 1853, he had been first cathedral preacher, in which capacity he delivered the Sunday sermons in the cathedral church at Breslau till Easter, 1858. A prolonged residence in Rome (1867–1868) gave him a profound view of the unwholesome condition of the Roman Church, and nerved him to continue his study of the ancients. His experiences in Rome also stimulated him to investigate closely the historical causes of the decline of the Roman Church. Through the proceedings at the Council the duty of continuing such studies was more than ever impressed on **REINKENS**. With all the energy of his character he devoted himself to study, and entered upon the struggle with Rome, which his inquiries more and more convinced him was inevitable."

The English Wesleyan Conference, whose session at Newcastle closed August 14, adopted a very outspoken paper on the growth of Romanism in the national establishment. The Conference declared itself to be "persuaded that the time has now come when those who value the doctrines of the Reformation or the institutions, whether religious or national, to which they have given birth, are loudly called upon, both as citizens and as members of churches, to take all possible means for the diffusion of Scriptural truth and the repression of Romish principles, and also to unite with all Protestants in promoting such measures as may tend to prevent the influence and authority of the nation from being directly or indirectly employed to further movements calculated to discredit and even to undo the Reformation, to which, under Divine Providence, are due many national benefits which Britons have good cause to esteem as blessings."

A conversation on the subject of lay delegation resulted in a very general expression of opinion that in a short period representatives of the laity would be admitted to the Conference.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Ohio Legislature at its last session made several enactments of considerable interest in connection with the subject of fishes and fish-culture in that State, among them a general law in reference to the formation of companies for the purpose of propagating fishes and establishing fisheries. This provides that a certificate shall be made out, giving the name of the company, the place where the fishery is to be located, and the amount of capital stock necessary to establish, finish, and equip the same. The stock of the company is to be divided into shares of not less than five dollars each, and to consist of such sum as shall be specified in the certificate, more or less. The association shall have permission to make such rules and regulations for its government as it may deem best—fix the number and character of its officers, prescribe the time of their election, and make any other regulations necessary for the objects of the organization; and it is enacted that whenever any such company shall acquire the right to use any stream, canal, or reservoir for the establishment of a fishery for the purpose of propagating fish, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish therefrom without the authority of the company, any violation to be met by the fines provided for trespass. Navigable streams and the public canals of the State are, however, excepted from this provision, as also any waters which by custom or usage have been employed heretofore for the purpose of fishing therein.

Another act provides that it shall be unlawful for any one to shoot fish, or to use any kind of net or pound in any waters of the State above the common level at high or back water of Lake Erie and of the Ohio River, or in the water of any lake, pond, or reservoir having a surface of not less than ten acres nor more than eighteen thousand, lying wholly within the State, whether the same be a natural or an artificial body of water. Two thousand dollars are appropriated for building shutes over the State dam.

An enactment for the protection of fur-bearing animals provides that it shall be lawful to trap musk-rats, minks, and otter only between the 15th of February and the 15th of April following, and that poison shall in no circumstances be used outside of any building for the destruction of fur-bearing animals or of vermin. The entrance upon the premises of any one without his consent for the purpose of trapping, hunting, killing, or pursuing the fur-bearing animals is also prohibited, the fines for any offense against the enactment being not less than two nor more than twenty-five dollars. The capture or possession, for sale or otherwise, of deer is also prohibited at any other time than during the months of November and December.

The Report of the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for the year ending

April 30, 1872, has recently been published, from which we learn that the total value of the property of the society is $342,792, of which the building is valued at $133,989. The receipts for the year mentioned amounted to $19,841, with a balance left over from the expenditures of $3649. The principal sources of income are the dividends and interest of the general fund, the Walker fund income, the Bullfinch Street estate fund income, and the annual assessment—the latter amounting to $1325. The admission fees during the year brought in the sum of $125.

In this estimate of the property the museum and library are not included. Their value, of course, is very great, and would carry the aggregate up to a very large sum.

We gather the following summary of the weather for the week ending September 3 from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office. During the past week a depression moved from the Lower Missouri Valley eastward over the Ohio Valley, attended with cloudy weather, easterly winds, and occasional rain on the Middle Atlantic sea-board. Another marked depression from the Northwest passed across the Lower Lake region and Northern New England, attended with high winds, cloudy weather, and rain in the St. Lawrence Valley and New England. The rain-fall for the past week has averaged, in the St. Lawrence Valley, 0.65 inches; in New England, 0.45; in the Middle Atlantic States, 1.10; in the South Atlantic States, 0.80; Eastern Gulf States, 0.50; Lower Lake region, 0.30: Minnesota, Upper Lake region, Ohio Valley, and Tennessee, 0.25. During the week the Red River has fallen two feet. The Upper Missouri has fallen slightly; the lower portion has risen decidedly. The Ohio has also fallen. The upper portion of the Mississippi has risen; the lower half has fallen.

It is stated that the steamer *Tuscarora*, under the command of Captain George E. Belknap, has lately been fitted out at San Francisco to undertake the labor of making soundings between the Pacific coast and Japan, in connection with the new cable route. On the detail of the *Juniata* for service in the *Polaris* search, the sounding apparatus, which had been put on board for a similar service between New York and the West Indies, was transferred to the *Tuscarora*. This included a supply of new steel wire, with Sir William Thomson's patent reel. The vessel was to proceed early in July to Puget Sound, and thence, by way of the Aleutian Islands, to Hakodadi.

We learn by cable dispatch that Captain Mack, of the schooner *Tromsöe*, on reaching Spitzbergen in the spring, found that eighteen of the Norwegian sailors who had been obliged to pass the winter on that island had died. It may be remembered that several Norwegian vessels of the fishing fleet of that country were caught in the ice on the island of Spitzbergen before they had time to get away, but that a certain portion of them succeeded in escaping and reaching Tromsöe.

The *American Journal of Science* announces the death, at Norwalk, Connecticut, on the 8th of June last, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, of Thomas Belden Butler. Judge Butler was best known in science as the author of *The Philosophy of the Weather*, published in 1856, and of *A Concise Analytical and Logical Development of the Atmospheric System*, in 1870. His writings have at times excited considerable comment among professed meteorologists. Judge Butler was chosen judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut in 1855, and of the Supreme Court in 1861, of which he was made Chief Justice in 1870.

The Acclimatation and Zoological Society of Cincinnati, to which reference has been already made in our columns, continues to exhibit signs of vitality. A meeting was held on the 14th of July, at which it was announced that $30,000 had been contributed within a week toward the establishment of a first-class zoological garden.

The Legislature of Ohio, as was hoped, provided at its last session for the continuance of the geological survey of the State, having appropriated the following sums for the purpose: For salaries of geological corps and chemist, from June 1, 1873, to January 1, 1874, at which time the survey must close, $3500, with the condition that no part of the salary of any member of the corps shall be paid until the manuscript of his report is in the hands of the printer, ready to be set up. The other appropriations are $2400 for salaries of assistant geologists during the same period, $1150 for traveling expenses, $1000 for paleontological work, $300 for chemicals, $1000 for zoological and botanical catalogues, $6000 for printing sixteen thousand additional maps of group sections for the geological report.

All the apparatus, implements, and mathematical instruments used by the survey on the completion of the reports are to be delivered to the trustees of the Ohio Agricultural College for its use and benefit. Additional appropriations for the survey are $2333 33 for salaries of officers, $1370 84 for salaries of assistant geologists, $660 for contingent expenses, and $500 for paleontological work, making a total appropriated at this session for this purpose of $14,214 17; this exclusive of $6000 for sixteen thousand maps of group sections, and the cost of engraving, composition, press-work, paper, and binding, and the general illustrations.

For the advancement of agriculture $3000 are appropriated for the use of the State Board, and $152 for fitting up and painting rooms for geological specimens, $500 to the president of the Ohio Agricultural Society, and $400 for the purchase of carpets for the two rooms used by the Agricultural Board.

In connection with the subject of the American exhibit at the Vienna Exhibition, upon which so many slurs have been cast, and in the arrangement of which so many unfortunate complications arose, it is satisfactory to note that in one department at least (and that the most important—that of machinery) the American display has met with distinguished and doubtless deserved praise at the hands of a critic whose opinion in this particular department is worthy of great respect. Referring to the machine tools on exhibition at Vienna, the London *Engineering* remarks that they form a very important section of the exhibits collected in the machinery hall at Vienna, and there is probably no class in which the examples shown are so numerous. "The number of instances in which real originality of design is shown is, however, far from being great; and where it does exist it shows itself in the improvement of constructive details rather than in the introduction of machines of entirely new types. For the number of machines it includes there is, in fact, no collection of tools in the machinery hall which can compete for real originality of construction with that to be found in the American section."

The extension of the system of continuous railway brakes, which have proved so successful in the United States, is increasing steadily. The English have recently, after repeated experimental trials, adopted the air brake upon some of their more important roads; and now the announcement is made that two of the Belgian railway companies have placed experimental railway trains at the disposal of the inventors of brakes which are considered to be possessed of advantages.

The Grand Central Belgian is about to try the well-known and widely tried Westinghouse air brake, and the Great Luxembourg Railway, it is understood, will follow the example.

A serious loss to the ranks of working zoologists has been experienced in the death of Dr. Axel John Boeck, a member of the faculty of the University of Christiania, and known as an ardent and capable investigator of the minute crustaceans of the Northern seas. This gentleman was born in 1833, and died on the 6th of May of the present year, after a brief illness. Dr. Boeck had been occupied for several years past in connection with the fishery interests of the coast of Norway, having been employed by the government to make such inquiries as would tend to a better knowledge of the habits of the herring and other economical fishes, and of their food. One of the most important contributions by him in this direction is an article upon the food of the sea herring.

Shortly before his death he published a very extensive and elaborate work upon the Northern amphipods, of which a second and concluding portion was promised, and which we trust will not fail to make a posthumous appearance.

According to *Ocean Highways*, news has been received from Lieutenant Grandy, of the Livingstone Congo expedition, up to the date of April 4 last. The party was then at Bembe, 150 miles inland from Ambriz, the port at which they had landed. All were in excellent health and spirits, and the stores and provisions had safely arrived. The expedition was to march from Bembe to San Sebastian, and thence to the Congo, far above the falls.

A committee has lately been appointed by the Royal Society to prepare a report upon the scientific objects of an arctic expedition, consisting of George Bush, Esq., vice-president of the Royal Society, Dr. Carpenter, president of the British Association, Mr. Joseph Prestwitch, General R. Strachey, Dr. Allman, James Ferguson, Esq., and John Evans, Esq. The arctic committee of the Royal Geographical Society includes Admirals Sir George Beck, Collinson, Ommanney, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn; Dr. J. D. Hooker, Mr. Findlay, and Mr. Clements Markham. The joint labors of these committees, it is expected, will soon be completed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The possibilities of future "ballooning" remain a matter of conjecture. Even though the most sanguine believer in aerostation sees with prophetic eye the time when navigating the air will be as simple an art as navigating the ocean, some new principles must be discovered giving man more control over the elements, or a more thorough comprehension of their operations, before balloon travel can be of any practical utility. Remembering the wonderful inventions and discoveries of the past century in all departments of natural science, few will venture to assert that even the most chimerical schemes are without the bounds of possibilities, but if incredulous themselves, will patiently await the results of venturesome experiments. Ninety years ago the hazardous, and till then untried, experiment of navigating the air in a Montgolfière, or balloon raised by rarefied air, was successfully performed, the ascent being made from Paris. Since that time a series of enterprises has been carried on by adventurous aeronauts, with varied results. Some—yes, many—safe ascents have been made, but numerous and terrible disasters attest the hazard of atmospheric voyages. As a means of making military reconnaissances balloons have been regarded as of considerable importance, and many delicate scientific matters have been successfully tested at high elevations. Aerial voyagers tell us some curious things. It is said dizziness is never experienced by aeronauts, as the means of comparing one's position with other points in space are lacking. Birds, when let off from balloons, are apparently much puzzled. A linnet liberated at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, at first flew away, but soon returned, and rested on the stays of the balloon. Finally it took a second flight, dashing downward in an almost perpendicular track. A pigeon, liberated under similar circumstances, rested a while on the edge of the car, apparently measuring the unexplored abyss around; then it fluttered uncertainly, trying its wings; at length whirled around in circles, and precipitated itself toward a mass of clouds, and was lost to sight. The projected balloon trip to Europe has awakened a very general interest in the whole subject of aerial navigation, and the public await the result with mingled feelings.

The Japanese government has ordered the return home of all the Japanese students in Europe and America. The reason given for their recall is that those who have returned were unable to bear a satisfactory examination in the studies they were pursuing. The failure is attributed to a want of a knowledge of the language.

Ireland has about eighty agricultural colleges—which there go under the name of Model Schools—where farming is taught theoretically and practically. These school-farms are of various sizes, and competent educators have been employed, and counsel taken of the most successful agriculturists as to modes of farming. Some of these are under the charge of the government, and others are private institutions; but none of them appear to be self-supporting—a fact which indicates that something is wrong in the general plan or management.

During the summer nearly all the public libraries of the city have been closed for repairs, but are now reopened, thoroughly cleansed and freshened. The books in the Mercantile Library have been taken from the shelves and rearranged—a much-needed task, since it has not been done for six years. The library now contains about 143,950 volumes.

The recent opening of the new Normal College on Fourth Avenue, between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, was an important event in connection with public schools. The fine and commodious building has just been completed, at a cost of nearly $400,000. Every arrangement has been made for the convenience of the occupants, who will receive, free, an education equal to that furnished by most universities in this country. About 1100 young ladies are connected with this institution.

Boys can not hunt birds' nests in the White Mountains. It is against the law; and a fine of two dollars is imposed for every egg destroyed belonging to robins, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sparrows, martins, woodpeckers, bobolinks, yellow-birds, linnets, fly-catchers, warblers, plovers, yellow-legs, sand-snipes, partridges, grouse, quails, and wild pigeons.

What a grand opportunity for a gardener! The Emperor of China has applied to France to send him a capable gardener, to remodel his gardens and pleasure-grounds on the general plan of those about Paris. And, with remarkable liberality, he offers him £2400 per annum, with apartments in the house of the French embassador at Pekin.

In the centre of St. Petersburg, on the south bank of the Neva, a large open space has been recently converted into a park. This space is surrounded by the principal buildings of the city, namely, the Winter Palace, the Admiralty, the Senate-house, Isaac's Church, and the Generalstab, or Horse-Guards, and opens into the three principal streets, Newski Perspektive, the Wossnesensky Perspektive, and the Erbenstrasse. It has been laid out in the French style of city squares, and is tastefully planted with trees and shrubs, and embellished with three ornamental fountains. One feature in this park worthy of imitation is that certain portions of it have been set apart as play-grounds for children.

The *Indian Mirror* informs us that a magnificent illuminated copy of Buddha's works is being executed for a Mongol prince in the language of Thibet. The whole consists of the usual one hundred and eighty volumes, eighty of which are completed, printed in letters of gold, and bound in embroidered silk, with silver clasp. For this the copyist is to receive £25,000. There are but very few copies of these works in existence.

Milk has been accused of being the cause of an extensive epidemic of typhoid fever in London. The matter has induced a great deal of discussion, and it appears probable that *water*, and not milk, is the origin of the trouble. Either designed dilution has been practiced, or impure water was used in rinsing the cans, and a small quantity carelessly left in them. If any article of food should be pure, it is the milk which forms so large a part of the diet of children.

Cholera has been to a limited extent prevailing at Munich, and a curious circumstance is mentioned concerning the rooks and crows which are accustomed to fly about the church steeples and throng the trees of the public promenades. Apparently they are frightened, for they have left the city.

There was, not long ago, in a Massachusetts town, an old ladies' party, composed of sixteen ladies whose united ages amounted to 1233 years and seven months. Three others were invited, but unfortunately they did not make their appearance. The youngest of this singular company was only sixty-one years old, the oldest eighty-six years. Two ladies, aged seventy-three and seventy-seven, walked a mile and a half to the party, and were the first arrivals.

Fifty million names are now contained in the English national registers of births, marriages, and deaths. The records were begun in 1837. Each name is inscribed in an alphabetical index, prepared promptly quarter by quarter, and so arranged as to give the utmost facility for reference. All that is necessary to insure the immediate production of an entry of marriage, birth, or death is to give the year in which the event occurred, and the name of the person to whom it relates. Since the beginning of the year 1866 these indexes have been printed, an arrangement which causes an enormous saving in bulk, and is much more convenient for reference; besides which, there is the diminished liability to errors in copying, and the existence of such invaluable documents no longer depends on the preservation of one single copy.

Another "oldest man in America" has turned up. He lives in Tennessee. He is one hundred and twenty-four years old, but nimble as a young lad. According to his own story, he became totally blind when about ninety years old, and remained so two years. His hair also came out about the same time, which for some time previously had been white as wool. Subsequently his eyesight returned, and a new growth of grayish hair appeared. His hearing is perfectly good; and strange to say, he never has had the tooth-ache, and, as the record says, "has not an unsound tooth in his mouth." Whether he has any teeth or not is not, however, explicitly stated.

Hereafter three cents per mile is to be the legal rate for passage on first-class railways in Illinois. Hitherto four and five cents have been charged for distances under forty miles.

Arrangements have been made with the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital for giving a year's training to women desirous of becoming professional nurses. They will be received for a month's trial on probation, during which time they will be boarded and lodged at the expense of the training school, but will receive no compensation. If accepted as pupils, they remain a year, and are instructed systematically and practically how to take care of the sick. They are boarded and lodged at the "Home," and are paid ten dollars monthly for personal expenses. This sum is not considered as wages, as their education is regarded as compensation for their services in the wards of the hospital. After one year they receive a salary as regular nurses, and at the close of two years diplomas are given them certifying as to their knowledge of nursing, their ability, and character.

Five girls, none of them yet twenty years of age, have taken the necessary steps to obtain three hundred and twenty acres of land in Kansas, and intend thereon to make a fine dairy-farm.

Eight new flowing oil-wells have been recently struck in the vicinity of Titusville, Pennsylvania. One of these produced for a while 1300 barrels a day, and the average amount produced is remarkable. Seventy-four additional wells are about being sunk in the region around those above mentioned.

It is encouraging, at this season, to know that a smart Yankee has recently invented a fly-destroyer that surpasses all others in fatality. The compound is made of molasses, water, and a small quantity of gum-arabic and nitro-glycerine. The mixture is to be put where the flies chiefly congregate. After alighting in it and eating what they want, they generally succeed in extricating themselves from the sticky composition, and in ecstasies of delight over their escape, rub their legs together. The friction causes the nitro-glycerine to explode, and the unfortunate victim is blown to atoms.

Poor water and bad drainage are given as the causes of the recent appearance of typhoid and scarlet fever among the visitors at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert. Without doubt these defects will be remedied another year. The hotel proprietors will see that adequate drainage is furnished in their vicinity; and the surrounding hills certainly hold an abundant supply of water, which could be brought near enough for convenience. In case of sudden sickness, however, it is most unwise to create such a panic as was aroused at one of the hotels at Bar Harbor by an indiscreet physician, who just at nightfall advised every guest to leave the house at once because one boarder was very ill with fever. The result was a panic. All who could find refuge elsewhere did so; the rest felt half sick merely from fright.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A country minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow with some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he did not do well by the second marriage. "Oh yes, indeed," he said, with animation; and then, as an expression of reverent awe stole into his face, he added, "and what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."

Mrs. Partington now says, "You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," as with an anxious expression she remarked the strong, convulsive effort that young gent was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince-pie—"you shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of these days that will kill you, Isaac."

Never nod to an auctioneer unless you wish either to buy or be sold.

A father, in consoling his daughter who had lost her husband, said, "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best." The father felt comforted.

The Notes that compose favorite Tunes—Bank notes: they compose fortunes.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a school-master's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh no; you belong to the other Jewish sect—you are very fair, I see!"

One item in an Oregon horse-doctor's bill reads, "To holdin' a post-mortim examinashun on a hoss who afterward recovered, $1 50." It was paid on the ground of square professional talent.

"Have you one of them flip-flaps and a cool-off?" inquired an old lady of an astonished dry-goods clerk in Savannah the other day. After a lengthy examination the terrified clerk finally discovered she wanted a palmetto fan.

SOUND WITHOUT SENSE.

There was a young lady of Cork
Who would comb her hair with a fork;
When they said, "Why, at home,
You sometimes use a comb,"
She said, "Yes, when for dinner we're pork."

There was a young lady of Sark
Who objected to sleep in the dark;
When they brought her a light
She exclaimed, "It's too bright;
I think I must marry some spark."

There was a young lady at Brompton
Who hated her piano thumped on;
When Professor Dough Raay
Played a fan-ta-si-a,
She declared that he ought to be pumped on.

Barnum wants to get a nightmare to exhibit at his museum. Let him eat a mince-pie, three sausages, a dozen pickles, a plate of salad, and a few pig's feet at midnight, and go at once to bed. He will get one of the animals in two hours or less.

As a rich and pretentious shoddyite was looking at some paintings which he proposed to buy, the dealer pointed to a fine one, and said, "There is a dog after Landseer." "Is it, really!" exclaimed the pretender. "What is the dog after him for?"

A Utica boy who attempted to amputate a cat's tail found that the absence of the old woman who owns the cat is necessary to the perfect success of such an experiment. His face looks as though Buffalo Bill had settled an old grudge against him.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1846; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

Some young men marry for dimples, some for ears, some for noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married. Does a man know what he invites when he marries a woman for her mouth?

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

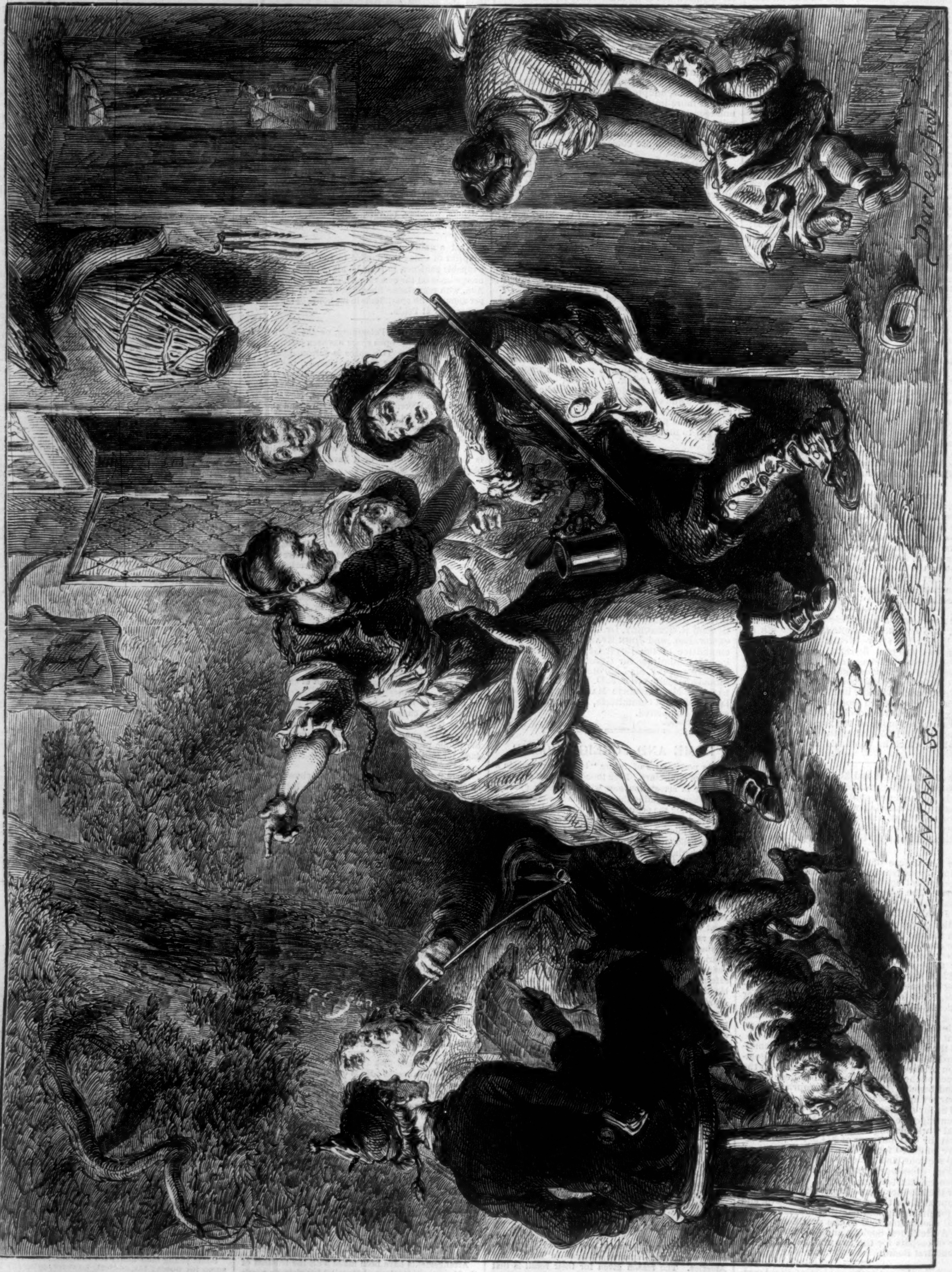
"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutchwoman. "Only shoost a little vays." "Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yaas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gate-keeper.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

THE wonderful story of *Rip Van Winkle*, as told in IRVING's quaint adaptation of an old German legend, is too well known to be repeated here. Our illustration, from the creative pencil of DARLEY, shows the quiet and sedate group of congenial spirits gathered under the trees in front of the village tavern to quaff huge pots of ale, smoke their long clay pipes, and to entertain themselves, in a sleepy manner, with tales and gossip. This was poor Rip's favorite resort when he was not off in the woods with his gun or playing with the neighbors' children; and thither Dame Van Winkle was sure to wend her way, wrath in her eye and broomstick in her hand, to rout the poor, shiftless, good-natured fellow from his cozy seat and berate his companions for giving him encouragement in idleness. His faithful dog, Wolf, with a sagacity born of long and painful experience, always knew her coming from afar, and would give timely notice of the impending danger by sneaking off with hanging head and tail between his legs; but poor Rip was rarely in a condition to profit by the warning, and generally fell a victim to his termagant frau. The good dame had, it must be confessed, much to bear in Rip. Scant justice has been done her by the historian of her goodman's adventures, who dwells more on the aggravations of her fluent tongue and trenchant broomstick than on the provocations she endured. Some woman should give us her side of the story, from a woman's point of view. Even XANTHIPPE has been vindicated.

In the dramatic version of the story, which the genius of JEFFERSON has made familiar on the stage, Rip Van Winkle, at the end of his twenty years' slumber, finds his wife deeply repentant, wonderfully improved in temper, and ready to welcome back her lord with almost superwomanly sweetness. But even this is hardly fair; the sympathy of the audience is altogether with the good-natured but shiftless husband, whose idle, drinking habits have impoverished his family, and transformed his long-suffering wife into an unwomanly scold. A share at least of the sympathy should be bestowed on her; and considering all her provocations, she was not so much to blame, perhaps, for her shrewish tongue and her wrath toward Nicholas Vedder, the village patriarch, Derrick Von Bummel, the schoolmaster, and the other idle cronies who encouraged Rip in his thriftless ways. To be serene and even-tempered, and to keep that soft voice which is such "an excellent thing in woman," under such provocations as fell to the lot of Dame Van Winkle, is given to few of her sex.

It is rather curious to observe how the dramatic version of the legend has superseded IRVING's, until Rip Van Winkle belongs more to the stage than to literature. For one who reads the legend, a thousand witness JEFFERSON's wonderful impersonation of the character, which he may be said, indeed, to have made his own. There is hardly another instance in the annals of the stage of the complete identification of an actor with the part he plays. Not less wonderful is the hold it has taken on the public. It seems as if JEFFERSON might act in this one part through the lifetime of a METHUSELAH, and still enchant the fleeting generations as they passed.

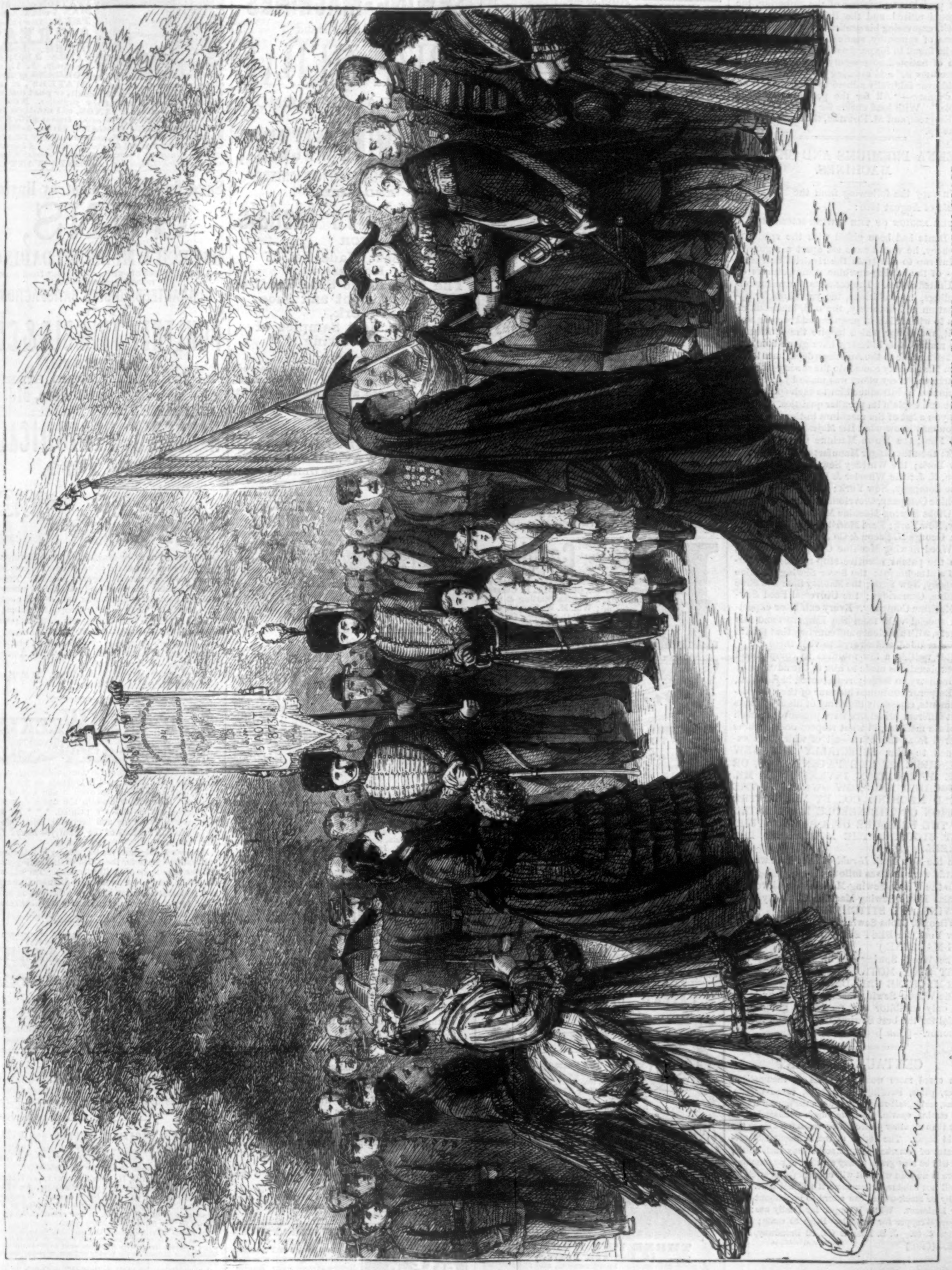


RIP VAN WINKLE AT THE VILLAGE TAVERN.

THE FÊTE NAPOLEON.

THE 15th of August used to be a great day in France in old imperial times—the greatest holiday, barring the inevitable *Jour de l'An*, in the calendar. It was kept by all classes, in town or country—by loyal subjects as the fête-day of the Emperor, by religious circles as commemorating the Assumption of the Virgin MARY, by the gay, thoughtless, and skeptical majority as either or both—as a summer's holiday, when all thoughts of work, politics, and other worries might be cast to the winds. In towns there were illuminations and triumphal arches; in villages, climbing for legs of mutton and running in sacks; at the seaside, regattas; and every where high mass at the churches, and official receptions and addresses of congratulation at the préfecture or mairie. A change has come over the spirit of the scene. We have heard little this year of commemorations of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, while of the Napoleonic fête a service for the dead in the Paris church of St. Augustin, in the little church of Biarritz, and a few, very few, other churches, was the only sign throughout France.

Not that the day was forgotten by faithful adherents of the imperial dynasty. The Emperor of three years ago was dead, it is true, and his wife and son in exile, but this great Napoleonic anniversary was not allowed to pass unnoticed, only the scene was changed from France to England, from the Paris Tuileries to that quiet nook at Chiselhurst where NAPOLEON III. breathed his last. Five hundred of the most prominent Bonapartist partisans went over to pay their respects to their old mistress and NAPOLEON IV., those who could not go themselves dispatched letters of congratulation or bouquets, while those who could afford neither trip nor bouquet sent their signatures, to the number of nearly thirty-three thousand. Thus upward of eight hundred Napoleonic sympathizers made their way to the little Kentish village. There was a deputation of workmen with a magnificently wrought coat of arms; another, from the "Youth of France," with green bee-spangled armlets and a brand-new banner; and, as if in contrast to these, was a small deputation of four veterans of NAPOLEON I., one of whom, aged ninety-seven, had been in every Napoleonic campaign, from the Alps to Waterloo. There was yet another deputation, headed by PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, with a bronze equestrian statue of NAPOLEON III., a present from 10,000 subscribers; a fifth, with the album of 32,000 and odd signataries; and, finally, a host of Gallic notabilities come to pay their respects in person. The day commenced with high mass in St. Mary's Chapel, where the Abbé FRIESCHI officiated. Owing to the small size of the edifice, only about 150 persons were able to obtain admittance, the remainder waiting outside. The chapel had been redecorated since that gloomy day of last January, and the tomb of NAPOLEON III. was almost hidden by a pyramid of wreaths and violets. The sermon was preached by Father GODDARD, who, after praising the young Prince's character, urged him to



THE FÊTE NAPOLEON AT CHISELHURST—RECEPTION OF THE VISITORS BY THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN THE GARDEN OF CAMDEN PLACE.

remember, as godson of PIUS IX., that "without religion there is neither throne, power, grandeur, prosperity, nor happiness possible for any people." For this sermon Father GODDARD has received a special blessing from PIUS IX. The Empress and Prince were loudly cheered on leaving the church, and enthusiasm redoubled when they subsequently appeared in the garden of Camden House formally to receive their visitors. After chatting and shaking hands with the most prominent members of the gathering, the Empress retired, and the Prince made a brief speech, expressing his gratitude for the manifestations of sympathy, stating, amid loud cheers, that he found in his paternal heritage "the principle of national sovereignty and the flag that consecrates it," and assuring his hearers that he would ever faithfully adhere to the principle of his dynasty—"All for the people and by the people." With loud cheers for NAPOLEON IV., the Empress, and M. ROUHER, the assembly then broke up.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AND SEWING-MACHINES.

WE copy the following from the New York *Herald* of August 12th:

THE REGION OF THE SEWING-MACHINES.

If Dante had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, he would have set apart a region in his Inferno to illustrate the rivalries and emotions of the sewing-machine manufacturers of the United States. The conflicts, the misunderstandings, the ambitions, the yearnings for approbation and notoriety, the odd, incessant efforts to win medals of progress, and renown, and merit, and honor which inspire the gentlemen who manage this industry, have given constant motion and life to the American department. So when His Majesty came into the sewing-machine department, every effort was made by our Commissioners to introduce him to each special machine and explain its peculiar qualities. Let me give you a list of the machines in the catalogue, so you may know what His Majesty was asked to do. First, the Howe Machine Company, New York; then the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; the Whitney Sewing-Machine, Paterson, N. J.; the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, Clevelond, Ohio; the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing-Machine Manufacturing Company, New York; Ezra Morrill & Co., Derby Line, Vt.; George N. Bacon & Co., London, England; the Weed Sewing-Machine Company, Hartford, with the patent effective stop motion of Fairchild's attachment; the Secor Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Mackay Sole and Shoe Machine, Cambridge; the Universal Feed Sewing-Machine Company. Every exhibitor expected a special visit from the Emperor, and His Majesty, with a patience and courtesy that should be commended, endeavored to visit them all.

After waiting a few minutes to comprehend the explanations made to him of the advance of the industry so largely represented in America, the Emperor continued his tour of the other departments, especially inquiring of his attendants what different principles were presented by each separate machine, in what respect one machine differed from the other—all of which was explained to him, ESPECIALLY THE NEW PRINCIPLE OF THE PATENT STOP, OR THE APPLICATION INVENTED BY MR. FAIRCHILD, AND NOW OWNED BY THE WEED MACHINE CO., BY WHICH THE ACTION OF THE NEEDLE IS ARRESTED BY THE PRESSURE OF A SPRING WITHOUT STOPPING THE MOTION OF THE WHEEL.

In the New York *Herald* of Aug. 19th we find awards were made as follows:

To the Wilson Sewing-Machines of Cleveland.

Elias Howe Sewing-Machine Company, FOR SEWING AND STITCHING.

Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing-Machine Company of New York (for BEST SINGLE THREAD SEWING-MACHINE.)

The Weed Sewing-Machine Company (for BEST STOP MOTION APPLIED TO SEWING-MACHINE TREADLES.)

The Wilson Sewing-Machine Company being the only exhibitor that received a grand prize medal for the best Sewing-Machine, and Medals of honor.—[*Com.*]

CENTAUR LINIMENT

HAS cured more wonderful cases of rheumatism, aches, pains, swellings, frost-bites, caked-breasts, burns, scalds, salt-rheum, etc., upon the human frame, and strains, spavin, galls, etc., upon animals in one year than all other pretended remedies have since the world began. The recipe of the Liniment and certificates of remarkable cures accompany each bottle, and will be sent gratis to any one. It is no humbug. There is no pain which it will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, or lameness it will not cure. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. White Wrapper for family use; the Yellow Wrapper for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles, $1 00. J. B. ROSE & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

INSTEAD of Bitter use Sweet Quinine.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

THE best "ELASTIC TRUSS" in the world is now sold by POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y., for Three Dollars. ☞ Write to them for full particulars.

SURGICAL Elastic Stockings for enlarged veins, and **Supporting Belts,** of best quality, at **POMEROY'S,** 744 Broadway, New York.

CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes are not effected by heat, cold, drought, or dampness, and therefore commend themselves to all.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES Commend themselves to all sensible parents, as with them their children's shoes will wear three times longer than without.

THREE PAIR **Best 2-Button** Kid Gloves, **$2 75;** single pair sent, postpaid, $1 00. Also, a well-selected stock of Millinery Goods, Laces, Dress-Trimmings, &c. Price-List sent free on application.
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WATCHES, are in no respect different from **Solid Gold Watches,** except intrinsic value. Warranted for Time and durability. **Patent Levers,** $10 and $25. Extra, $30 & $35. Sent C. O. D. Express will exhibit Goods on receipt of Freight charges only.
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Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

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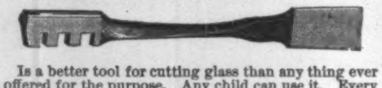

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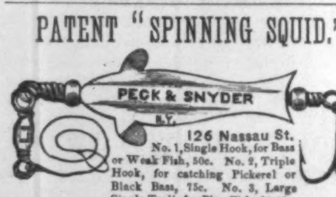

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In Use Ten Years.
A good article, well recommended, and suitable for either steep or flat roofs. Send for Circular and Samples. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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PRIZE MEDAL
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FOR THE
BEST SEWING MACHINE,
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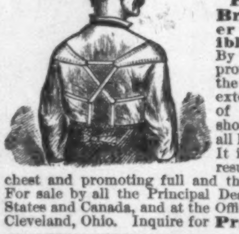

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PULPIT MINISTRATIONS; OR, SABBATH READINGS. A Series of Discourses on Christian Doctrine and Duty. By the late Rev. GARDINER SPRING, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York. With a Steel Portrait of the Author. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

In these volumes the author has arranged those productions which his own judgment has approved as the most edifying and best fitted to be popular in the family, conveying his maturest thoughts and most finished illustrations of divine truth. We anticipate from these sermons extensive and permanent usefulness; for they are not ephemeral, but exhibit truths that will be as dear to God's people and useful to the Church in the millennium as they are now.—*New York Observer.*

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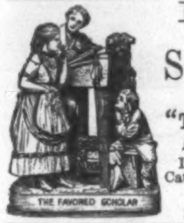

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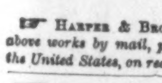

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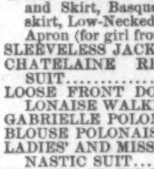

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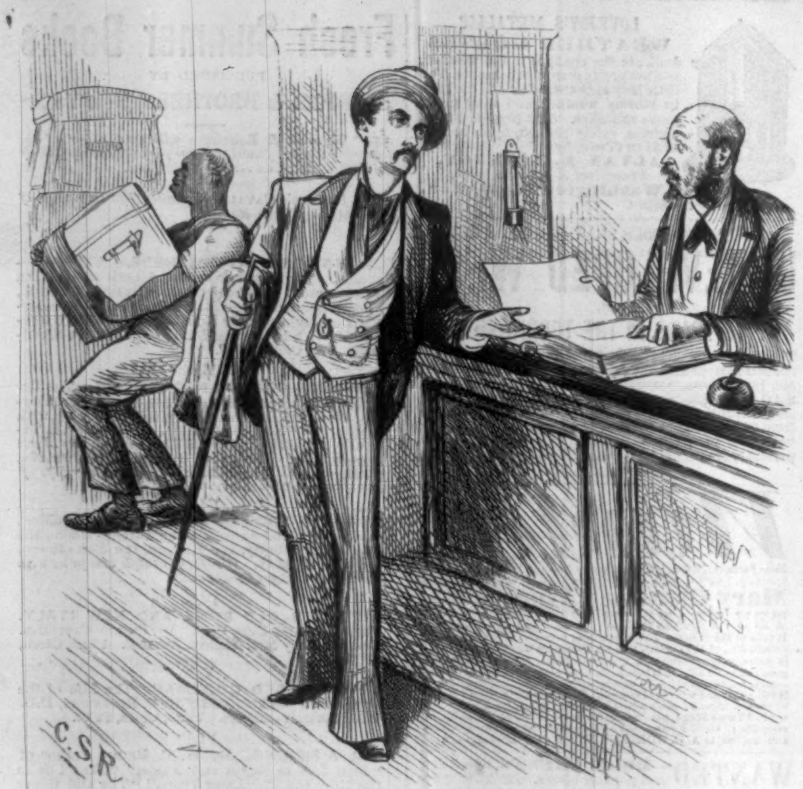

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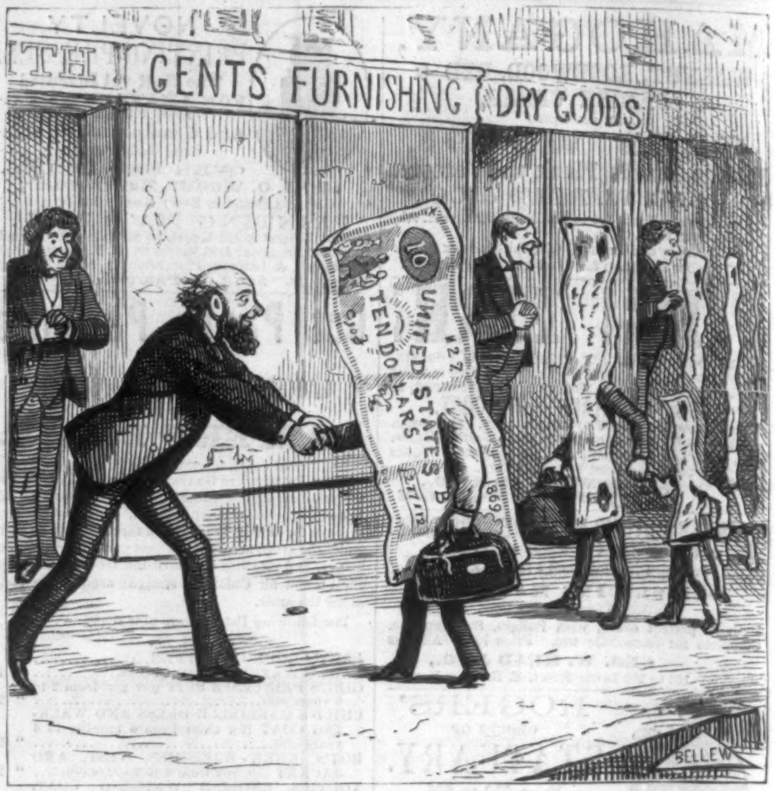

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[CONTINUED FROM NO. 872, PAGE 816.]

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ANNA," "HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT," "ORLEY FARM,"
"PHINEAS FINN," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON,"
"CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

MADAME MAX came a couple of days before Phineas, and was taken out hunting on the morning after her arrival. She was a lady who could ride to hounds—and who, indeed, could do nearly any thing to which she set her mind. She was dark, thin, healthy, good-looking, clever, ambitious, rich, unsatisfied, perhaps unscrupulous—but not without a conscience. As has been told in a former portion of this chronicle, she could always seem to be happy with her companion of the day, and yet there was ever present a gnawing desire to do something more and something better than she had as yet achieved. Of course, as he took her to the meet, Lord Chiltern told her his grievance respecting Trumpeton Wood. "But, my dear Lord Chiltern, you must not abuse the Duke of Omnium to me."

"Why not to you?"

"He and I are sworn friends."

"He's a hundred years old."

"And why shouldn't I have a friend a hundred years old? And as for Mr. Palliser, he knows no more of your foxes than I know of his taxes. Why don't you write to Lady Glencora? She understands every thing."

"Is she a friend of yours too?"

"My particular friend. She and I, you know, look after the poor dear Duke between us."

"I can understand why she should sacrifice herself."

"But not why I do. I can't explain it myself; but so it has come to pass, and I must not hear the Duke abused. May I write to Lady Glencora about it?"

"Certainly—if you please; but not as giving her any message from me. Her uncle's property is mismanaged most damnably. If you choose to tell her that I say so, you can. I'm not going to ask any thing as a favor. I never do ask favors. But the Duke or Planty Palliser among them should do one of two things. They should either stand by the hunting, or they should let it alone; and they should say what they mean. I like to know my friends, and I like to know my enemies."

"I am sure the Duke is not your enemy, Lord Chiltern."

"These Pallisers have always been running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. They are great aristocrats, and yet are always going in for the people. I'm told that Planty Pall calls fox-hunting barbarous. Why doesn't he say so out loud, and stub up Trumpeton Wood and grow corn?"

"Perhaps he will when Trumpeton Wood belongs to him."

"I should like that much better than poisoning hounds and trapping foxes." When they got to the meet conclaves of men might be seen gathered together here and there, and in each conclave they were telling something new or something old as to the iniquities perpetrated at Trumpeton Wood.

On that evening, before dinner, Madame Goesler was told by her hostess that Phineas Finn was expected on the following day. The communication was made quite as a matter of course; but Lady Chiltern had chosen a time in which the lights were shaded, and the room was dark. Adelaide Palliser was present, as was also a certain Lady Baldock—not that Lady Baldock who had abused all Papists to poor Phineas, but her son's wife. They were drinking tea together over the fire, and the dim lights were removed from the circle. This, no doubt, was simply an accident; but the gloom served Madame Goesler during one moment of embarrassment. "An old friend of yours is coming here to-morrow," said Lady Chiltern.

"An old friend of mine! Shall I call my friend he or she?"

"You remember Mr. Finn?"

That was the moment in which Madame Goesler rejoiced that no strong glare of light fell upon her face. But she was a woman who would not long leave herself subject to any such embarrassment. "Surely," she said, confining herself at first to the single word.

"He is coming here. He is a great friend of mine."

"He always was a good friend of yours, Lady Chiltern."

"And of yours, too, Madame Max. A sort of general friend, I think, was Mr. Finn in the old days. I hope you will be glad to see him."

"Oh dear, yes."

"I thought him very nice," said Adelaide Palliser.

"I remember mamma saying, before she was mamma, you know," said Lady Baldock, "that Mr. Finn was very nice indeed, only he was a Papist, and only he had got no money, and only he would fall in love with every body. Does he go on falling in love with people, Violet?"

"Never with married women, my dear. He has had a wife himself since that, Madame Goesler, and the poor thing died."

"And now he is beginning all over again," said Lady Baldock.

"And as pleasant as ever," said her cousin. "You know he has done all manner of things for our family. He picked Oswald up once after one of those terrible hunting accidents; and he saved Mr. Kennedy when men were murdering him."

"That was questionable kindness," said Lady Baldock.

"And he sat for Lord Brentford's borough."

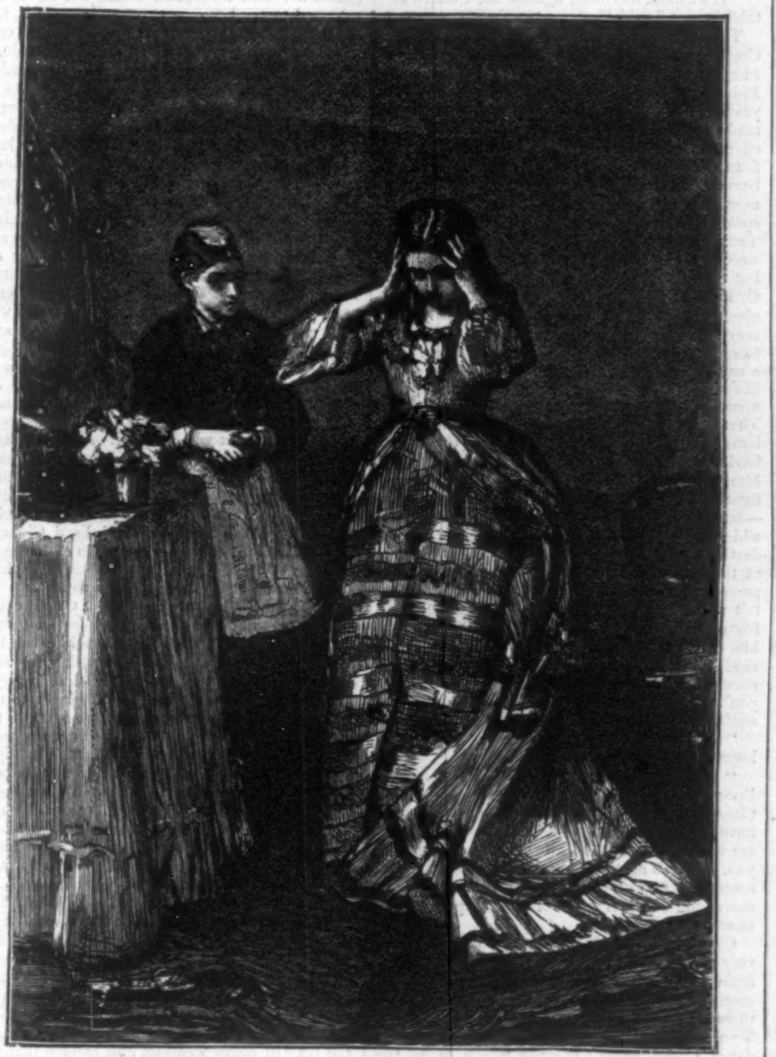
"How good of him!" said Miss Palliser.

"And he has done all manner of things," said Lady Chiltern.

"Didn't he once fight a duel?" asked Madame Goesler.

"That was the grandest thing of all," said his friend, "for he didn't shoot somebody whom perhaps he might have shot had he been as blood-thirsty as somebody else. And now he has come back to Parliament, and all that kind of thing, and he's coming here to hunt. I hope you'll be glad to see him, Madame Goesler."

"I shall be very glad to see him," said Madame Goesler, slowly; "I heard about his success at that town, and I knew that I should meet him somewhere."



"I AM SO BLIND THAT I CAN HARDLY SEE OUT OF MY EYES."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW WELL YOU KNEW!

IT was necessary also that some communication should be made to Phineas, so that he might not come across Madame Goesler unawares. Lady Chiltern was more alive to that necessity than she had been to the other, and felt that the gentleman, if not warned of what was to take place, would be much more likely than the lady to be awkward at the trying moment. Madame Goesler would in any circumstances be sure to recover her self-possession very quickly, even were she to lose it for a moment; but so much could hardly be said for the social powers of Phineas Finn. Lady Chiltern therefore contrived to see him alone for a moment on his arrival. "Who do you think is here?"

"Lady Laura has not come!"

"Indeed, no; I wish she had. An old friend, but not so old as Laura!"

"I can not guess—not Lord Fawn?"

"Lord Fawn! What would Lord Fawn do here? Don't you know that Lord Fawn goes nowhere since his last matrimonial trouble? It's a friend of yours, not of mine."

"Madame Goesler?" whispered Phineas.

"How well you knew when I said it was a friend of yours! Madame Goesler is here—not altered in the least."

"Madame Goesler!"

"Does it annoy you?"

"Oh no. Why should it annoy me?"

"You never quarreled with her?"

"Never!"

"There is no reason why you should not meet her?"

"None at all; only I was surprised. Did she know that I was coming?"

"I told her yesterday. I hope that I have not done wrong or made things unpleasant. I knew that you used to be friends."

"And as friends we parted, Lady Chiltern." He had nothing more to say in the matter; nor had she. He could not tell the story of what had taken place between himself and the lady, and she could not keep herself from surmising that something had taken place, which, had she known it, would have prevented her from bringing the two together at Harrington.

Madame Goesler, when she was dressing, acknowledged to herself that she had a task before her which would require all her tact and all her courage. She certainly would not have accepted Lady Chiltern's invitation had she known that she would encounter Phineas Finn at the house. She had twenty-four hours to think of it, and at one time had almost made up her mind that some sudden business should recall her to London. Of course her motive would be suspected. Of course Lady Chiltern would connect her departure with the man's arrival. But even that, bad as it would be, might be preferable to the meeting! What a fool had she been—so she accused herself—in not foreseeing that such an accident might happen, knowing as she did that Phineas Finn had reappeared in the political world, and that he and the Chiltern people had ever been fast friends! As she had thought about it, lying awake at night, she had told herself that she must certainly be recalled back to London by business. She would telegraph up to town, raising a question about any trifle, and on receipt of the answer she could be off with something of an excuse. The shame of running away from the man seemed to be a worse evil than the shame of meeting him. She had, in truth, done nothing to disgrace herself. In her desire to save a man whom she had loved from the ruin which she thought had threatened him, she had—offered him her hand. She had made the offer, and he had refused it! That was all. No; she would not be driven to confess to herself that she had ever fled from the face of man or woman. This man would be again in London, and she could not always fly. It would be only necessary that she should maintain her own composure, and the misery of the meeting would pass away after the first few minutes. One consolation was assured to her. She thoroughly believed in the man—feeling certain that he had not betrayed her, and would not betray her. But now, as the time for the meeting drew near, as she stood for a moment before the glass, pretending to look at herself in order that her maid might not remark her uneasiness, she found that her courage, great as it was, hardly sufficed her. She almost plotted some scheme of a headache, by which she might be enabled not to show herself till after dinner. "I am so blind that I can hardly see out of my eyes," she said to the maid, actually beginning the scheme. The woman assumed a look of painful solicitude, and declared that "Madame did not look quite her best." "I suppose I shall shake it off," said Madame Goesler; and then she descended the stairs.

The condition of Phineas Finn was almost as bad, but he had a much less protracted period of anticipation than that with which the lady was tormented. He was sent up to dress for dinner with the knowledge that in half an hour he would find himself in the same room with Madame Goesler. There could be no question of his running away, no possibility even of his escaping by a headache. But it may be doubted whether his dismay was not even more than hers. She knew that she could teach herself to use no other than fitting words; but he was almost sure that he would break down if he attempted to speak to her. She would be safe from blushing, but he would assuredly become as red as a turkey-cock's comb up to the roots of his hair. Her blood would be under control, but his would be coursing hither and thither through his veins, so as to make him utterly unable to rule himself. Nevertheless, he also plucked up his courage and descended, reaching the drawing-room before Madame Goesler had entered it. Chiltern was going on about Trumpeton Wood to Lord Baldock, and was renewing his fury against all the Pallisers, while Adelaide stood by and laughed. Gerard Maule was lounging on a chair, wondering that any man could expend such energy on such a subject. Lady Chiltern was explaining the merits of the case to Lady Baldock—who knew nothing about hunting—and the other guests were listening with eager attention. A certain Mr. Spooner, who rode hard and did nothing else, and who acted as an unacknowledged assistant master under Lord Chiltern—there is such a man in every hunt—acted as chorus, and indicated, chiefly with dumb show, the strong points of the case.

"Finn, how are you?" said Lord Chiltern, stretching out his left hand. "Glad to have you back again, and congratulate you about the seat. —It was put down in red herrings, and we found nearly a dozen of them afterward—enough to kill half the pack."

"Picked up nine," said Mr. Spooner.

"Children might have picked them up quite as well—and eaten them," said Lady Chiltern.

"They didn't care about that," continued the Master. "And now they've wires and traps over the whole place.—Palliser's a friend of your's—isn't he, Finn?"

"Of course I knew him—when I was in office."

"I don't know what he may be in office, but he's an uncommon bad sort of fellow to have in a county."

"Shameful!" said Mr. Spooner, lifting up both his hands.

"This is my first cousin, you know," whispered Adelaide to Lady Baldock.

"If he were my own brother, or my grandmother, I should say the same," continued the angry lord. "We must have a meeting about it, and let the world know it—that's all." At this moment the door was again opened, and Madame Goesler entered the room.

When one wants to be natural, of necessity one becomes the reverse of natural. A clever actor—or more frequently a clever actress—will assume the appearance; but the very fact of the assumption renders the reality impossible. Lady Chiltern was generally very clever in the arrangement of all little social difficulties, and, had she thought less about it, might probably have managed the present affair in an easy and graceful manner. But the thing had weighed upon her mind, and she had decided that it would be expedient that she should say something when those two old friends first met each other again in her drawing-room. "Madame Max," she said, "you remember Mr. Finn." Lord Chiltern for a moment stopped the torrent of his abuse. Lord Baldock made a little effort to look uninterested, but quite in vain. Mr. Spooner stood on one side. Lady Baldock stared with all her eyes—with some feeling of instinct that there would be something to see; and Gerard Maule, rising from the sofa, joined the circle. It seemed as though Lady Chiltern's words had caused the formation of a ring in the midst of which Phineas and Madame Goesler were to renew their acquaintance.

"Very well indeed," said Madame Max, putting out her hand and looking full into our hero's face with her sweetest smile. "And I hope Mr. Finn will not have forgotten me." She did it admirably—so well that surely she need not have thought of running away.

But poor Phineas was not happy. "I shall never forget you," said he; and then that unavoidable blush suffused his face, and the blood began to career through his veins.

"I am so glad you are in Parliament again," said Madame Max.

"Yes; I've got in again, after a struggle. Are you still living in Park Lane?"

"Oh yes; and shall be most happy to see you." Then she seated herself—as did also Lady Chiltern by her side. "I see the poor Duke's iniquities are still under discussion. I hope Lord Chiltern recognizes the great happiness of having a grievance. It would be a pity that so great a blessing should be thrown away upon him." For the moment Madame Max had got through her difficulty, and, indeed, had done so altogether till the moment should come in which she should find herself alone with Phineas. But he slunk back from the gathering before the fire, and stood solitary and silent till dinner was announced. It became his fate to take an old woman into dinner who was not very clear-sighted. "Did you know that lady before?" she asked.

"Oh yes; I knew her two or three years ago in London."

"Do you think she is pretty?"

"Certainly."

"All the men say so, but I never can see it. They have been saying ever so long that the old Duke of Omnium means to marry her on his death-bed, but I don't suppose there can be any thing in it."

"Why should he put it off for so very inopportune an occasion?" asked Phineas.

CHAPTER XVI.

COPPERHOUSE CROSS AND BROUGHTON SPINNIES.

AFTER all, the thing had not been so very bad. With a little courage and hardihood, we can survive very great catastrophes, and go through them even without broken bones. Phineas, when he got up to his room, found that he had spent the evening in company with Madame Goesler, and had not suffered materially, except at the very first moment of the meeting. He had not said a word to the lady, except such as were spoken in mixed conversation with her and others; but they had been together, and no bones had been broken. It could not be that his old intimacy should be renewed, but he could now encounter her in society, as the Fates might direct, without a renewal of that feeling of dismay which had been so heavy on him.

He was about to undress, when there came a knock at the door, and his host entered the room. "What do you mean to do about smoking?" Lord Chiltern asked.

"Nothing at all."

"There's a fire in the smoking-room, but I'm tired, and I want to go to bed. Baldock doesn't smoke. Gerard Maule is smoking in his own room, I take it. You'll probably find Spooner at this moment established somewhere in the back slums, having a pipe with old Doggett, and planning retribution. You can join them if you please."

"Not to-night, I think. They wouldn't trust me—and I should spoil their plans."

"They certainly wouldn't trust you—or any other human being. You don't mind a horse that balks a little, do you?"

"I'm not going to hunt, Chiltern."

"Yes, you are. I've got it all arranged. Don't you be a fool, and make us all uncomfortable. Every body rides here—every man, woman, and child about the place. You shall have one of the best horses I've got—only you must be particular about your spurs."

"Indeed, I'd rather not. The truth is, I can't afford to ride my own horses, and therefore I'd rather not ride my friends'."

"That's all gammon. When Violet wrote she told you you'd be expected to come out. Your old flame, Madame Max, will be there, and I tell you she has a very pretty idea of keeping to hounds. Only Dandolo has that little defect."

"Is Dandolo the horse?"

"Yes; Dandolo is the horse. He's up to a stone over your weight, and can do any mortal thing within a horse's compass. Cox won't ride him because he balks, and so he has come into my stable. If you'll only let him know that you're on his back, and have got a pair of spurs on your heels with rowels in them, he'll take you any where. Good-night, old fellow. You can smoke if you choose, you know."

Phineas had resolved that he would not hunt; but, nevertheless, he had brought boots with him, and breeches, fancying that if he did not he would be forced out without those comfortable appurtenances. But there came across his heart a feeling that he had reached a time of life in which it was no longer comfortable for him to live as a poor man with men who were rich. It had been his lot to do so when he was younger, and there had been some pleasure in it; but now he would rather live alone and dwell upon the memories of the past. He, too, might have been rich, and have had horses at command, had he chosen to sacrifice himself for money.

On the next morning they started in a huge wagonette for Copperhouse Cross—a meet that was suspiciously near to the Duke's fatal wood. Spooner had explained to Phineas overnight that they never did draw Trumpeton Wood on Copperhouse Cross days, and that under no possible circumstances would Chiltern now draw Trumpeton Wood. But there is no saying where a fox may run. At this time of the year, just the beginning of February, dog-foxes from the big woods were very apt to be away from home, and when found would go straight for their own earths. It was very possible that they might find themselves in Trumpeton Wood, and then certainly there would be a row. Spooner shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, and seemed to insinuate that Lord Chiltern would certainly do something very dreadful to the Duke or to the Duke's heirs if any law of venery should again be found to have been broken on this occasion.

The distance to Copperhouse Cross was twelve miles, and Phineas found himself placed in the carriage next to Madame Goesler. It had not been done of fixed design; but when a party of six are seated in a carriage, the chances are that one given person will be next to or opposite to any other given person. Madame Max had remembered this, and had prepared herself, but Phineas was taken aback when he found how close was his neighborhood to the lady. "Get in, Phineas," said his lordship. Gerard Maule had already seated himself next to Miss Palliser, and Phineas had no alternative but to take the place next to Madame Max.

"I didn't know that you rode to hounds?" said Phineas.

"Oh yes; I have done so for years. When we met it was always in London, Mr. Finn; and people there never know what other people do. Have you heard of this terrible affair about the Duke?"

"Oh dear, yes."

"Poor Duke! He and I have seen a great deal of each other since—since the days when you and I used to meet. He knows nothing about all this, and the worst of it is, he is not in a condition to be told."

"Lady Glencora could put it all right."

"I'll tell Lady Glencora, of course," said Madame Max. "It seems so odd in this country that the owner of a property does not seem at all to have any exclusive right to it. I suppose the Duke could shut up the wood if he liked."

"But they poisoned the hounds."

"Nobody supposes the Duke did that—or even the Duke's servants, I should think. But Lord Chiltern will hear us if we don't take care."

"I've heard every word you've been saying," exclaimed Lord Chiltern.

"Has it been traced to any one?"

"No—not traced, I suppose."

"What then, Lord Chiltern? You may speak out to me. When I'm wrong I like to be told so."

"Then you're wrong now," said Lord Chiltern, "if you take the part of the Duke or of any of his people. He is bound to find foxes for the Brake hunt. It is almost a part of his title-deeds. Instead of doing so, he has had them destroyed."

"It's as bad as voting against the Church establishment," said Madame Goesler.

There was a very large meet at Copperhouse Cross, and both Madame Goesler and Phineas Finn found many old acquaintances there. As Phineas had formerly sat in the House for five years, and had been in office, and had never made himself objectionable either to his friends or adversaries, he had been widely known. He now found half a dozen men who were always members of Parliament—men who seem, though commoners, to have been born legislators—who all spoke to him as though his being member for Tankerville and hunting with the Brake hounds were equally matters of course. They knew him, but they knew nothing of the break in his life. Or if they remembered that he had not been seen about the House for the last two or three years, they remembered also that accidents do happen to some men. It will occur now and again that a regular denizen of Westminster will get a fall in the political hunting field, and have to remain about the world for a year or two without a seat. That Phineas had lately triumphed over Browborough at Tankerville was known, the event having been so recent; and men congratulated him, talking of poor Browborough—whose heavy figure had been familiar to them for many a year—but by no means recognizing that the event of which they spoke had been, as it were, life and death to their friend. Roby was there, who was at this moment Mr. Daubeny's head-whip and patronage secretary. If any one should have felt acutely the exclusion of Mr. Browborough from the House—any one beyond the sufferer himself—it should have been Mr. Roby; but he made himself quite pleasant, and even condescended to be jocose upon the occasion. "So you've beat poor Browborough in his own borough," said Mr. Roby.

"I've beat him," said Phineas; "but not, I hope, in a borough of his own."

"He's been there for the last fifteen years. Poor old fellow! He's awfully cut up about this Church Question. I shouldn't have thought he'd have taken any thing so much to heart. There are worse fellows than Browborough, let me tell you. What's all this I hear about the Duke poisoning the foxes?" But the crowd had begun to move, and Phineas was not called upon to answer the question.

Copperhouse Cross in the Brake hunt was a very popular meet. It was easily reached by a train from London, was in the centre of an essentially hunting country, was near to two or three good coverts, and was in itself a pretty spot. Two roads intersected each other on the middle of Copperhouse Common, which, as all the world knows, lies just on the outskirts of Copperhouse Forest. A steep winding hill leads down from the wood to the cross, and there is no such thing within sight as an inclosure. At the foot of the hill, running under the wooden bridge, straggles the Copperhouse Brook—so called by the hunting men of the present day, though men who know the country of old, or rather the county, will tell you that it is properly called the river Cobber, and that the spacious old farm buildings above were once known as the Cobber Manor-house. He would be a vain man who would now try to change the name, as Copperhouse Cross has been printed in all the lists of hunting meets for at least the last thirty years; and the Ordnance map has utterly rejected the two b's. Along one of the cross-roads there was a broad extent of common, some seven or eight hundred yards in length, on which have been erected the butts used by those well-known defenders of their country, the Copperhouse Volunteer Rifles; and just below the bridge the sluggish water becomes a little lake, having probably at some time been artificially widened, and there is a little island and a decoy for ducks. On the present occasion carriages were drawn up on all the roads, and horses were clustered on each side of the brook, and the hounds sat stately on their haunches where riflemen actually are used to kneel to fire, and there was a hum of merry voices, and the bright coloring of pink coats and the sheen of ladies' hunting toilets, and that mingled look of business and amusement which is so peculiar to our national sports. Two hundred men and women had come there for the chance of a run after a fox—for a chance against which the odds are more than two to one at every hunting day—for a chance as to which the odds are twenty to one against the success of the individuals collected; and yet, for every horseman and every horsewoman there, not less than £5 a head will have been spent for this one day's amusement. When we give a guinea for a stall at the opera we think that we pay a large sum; but we are fairly sure of having our music. When you go to Copperhouse Cross you are by no means sure of your opera.

Why is it that when men and women congregate, though the men may beat the women in numbers by ten to one, and though they certainly speak the louder, the concrete sound that meets the ear of any outside listener is always a sound of women's voices? At Copperhouse Cross almost every one was talking, but the feeling left upon the senses was that of an amalgam of feminine laughter, feminine affectation, and feminine eagerness. Perhaps at Copperhouse Cross the determined perseverance with which Lady Gertrude Fitzaskerley addressed herself to Lord Chiltern, to Cox the huntsman, to the two whips, and at last to Mr. Spooner, may have specially led to the remark on this occasion. Lord Chiltern was very short with her, not loving Lady Gertrude. Cox bestowed upon her two "my ladys," and then turned from her to some peccant hound. But Spooner was partly gratified, and partly incapable, and underwent a long course of questions about the Duke and the poisoning. Lady Gertrude, whose father seemed to have owned half the coverts in Ireland, had never before heard of such enormity. She suggested a round robin, and would not be at all ashamed to put her own name to it. "Oh, for the matter of that," said Spooner, "Chiltern can be round enough himself without any robin." "He can't be too round," said Lady Gertrude, with a very serious aspect.

At last they moved away, and Phineas found himself riding by the side of Madame Goesler. It was natural that he should do so, as he had come with her. Maule had of course remained with Miss Palliser, and Chiltern and Spooner had taken themselves to their respective duties. Phineas might have avoided her, but in doing so he would have seemed to avoid her. She accepted his presence apparently as a matter of course, and betrayed by her words and manner no memory of past scenes. It was not customary with them to draw the forest, which, indeed, as it now stood, was a forest only in name, and they trotted off to a gorse a mile and a half distant. This they drew blank—then another gorse also blank—and two or three little fringes of wood, such as there are in every country, and through which huntsmen run their hounds, conscious that no fox will lie there. At one o'clock they had not found, and the hilarity of the really hunting men as they ate their sandwiches and lit their cigars was on the decrease. The ladies talked more than ever, Lady Gertrude's voice was heard above them all, and Lord Chiltern trotted on close behind his hounds in obdurate silence. When things were going bad with him no one in the field dared to speak to him.

Phineas had never seen his horse till he reached the meet, and there found a fine-looking, very strong bay animal, with shoulders like the top of a hay-stack, short-backed, short-legged, with enormous quarters, and a wicked-looking eye. "He ought to be strong," said Phineas to the groom. "Oh, Sir, strong ain't no word for him," said the groom; "'e can carry a 'ouse." "I don't know whether he's fast?" inquired Phineas. "He's fast enough for any 'ounds, Sir," said the man, with that tone of assurance which always carries conviction. "And he can jump?" "He can jump!" continued the groom; "no 'orse in my lord's stables can't beat him." "But he won't?" said Phineas. "It's only sometimes, Sir, and then the best thing is to stick him at it till he do. He'll go, he will, like a shot at last; and then he's right for the day." Hunting men will know that all this was not quite comfortable. When you ride your own horse, and know his special defects, you know also how far that defect extends, and what real prospect you have of overcoming it. If he be slow through the mud, you keep a good deal on the road in heavy weather, and resolve that the present is not an occasion for distinguishing yourself. If he be bad at timber, you creep through a hedge. If he pulls, you get as far from the crowd as may be. You gauge your misfortune, and make your little calculation as to the best mode of remedying the evil. But when you are told that your friend's horse is perfect—only that he does this or that—there comes a weight on your mind from which you are unable to release it. You can not discount your trouble at any percentage. It may amount to absolute ruin, as far as that day is concerned; and in such a circumstance you always look forward to the worst. When the groom had done his description, Phineas Finn would almost have preferred a day's canvass at Tankerville under Mr. Ruddles's authority to his present position.

When the hounds entered Broughton Spinnies, Phineas and Madame Goesler were still together. He had not been riding actually at her side all the morning. Many men and two or three ladies had been talking to her. But he had never been far from her in the ruck, and now he was again close by her horse's head. Broughton Spinnies were in truth a series of small woods, running one into another almost without intermission, never thick, and of no breadth. There was always a litter or two of cubs at the place, and in no part of the Brake country was greater care taken in the way of preservation and encouragement to interesting vixens; but the lying was bad; there was little or no real covert; and foxes were very apt to travel and get away into those big woods belonging to the Duke—where, as the Brake sportsmen now believed, they would almost surely come to an untimely end. "If we draw this blank I don't know what we are to do," said Mr. Spooner, addressing himself to Madame Goesler with lachrymose anxiety.

"Have you nothing else to draw?" asked Phineas.

"In the common course of things we should take Muggery Gorse, and so on to Trumpeton Wood. But Muggery is on the Duke's land, and Chiltern is in such a fix! He won't go there unless he can't help it. Muggery Gorse is only a mile this side of the big wood."

"And foxes of course go to the big wood?" asked Madame Max.

"Not always. They often come here—and as they can't hang here, we have the whole country before us. We get as good runs from Muggery as from any covert in the country. But Chiltern won't go there to-day unless the hounds show a line. By George, that's a fox! That's Dido. That's a find!" And Spooner galloped away, as though Dido could do nothing with the fox she had found unless he was there to help her.

Spooner was quite right, as he generally was on such occasions. He knew the hounds even by voice, and knew what hound he could believe. Most hounds would lie occasionally, but Dido never lied. And there were many besides Spooner who believed in Dido. The whole pack rushed to her music, though the body of them would have remained utterly unmoved at the voice of any less reverenced and less trustworthy colleague. The whole wood was at once in commotion—men and women riding hither and thither, not in accordance with any judgment, but as they saw, or thought they saw, others riding who were supposed to have judgment. To get away well is so very much! And to get away well is often so very difficult! There are so many things of which the horseman is bound to think in that moment. Which way does the wind blow? And then, though a fox will not long run up wind, he will break covert up wind as often as not. From which of the various rides can you find a fair exit into the open country, without a chance of breaking your neck before the run begins? When you hear some wild halloo, informing you that one fox has gone in the direction exactly opposite to that in which the hounds are hunting, are you sure that the noise is not made about a second fox? On all these matters you are bound to make up your mind without losing a moment; and if you make up your mind wrongly, the five pounds you have invested in that day's amusement will have been spent for nothing. Phineas and Madame Goesler were in the very centre of the wood when Spooner rushed away from them down one of the rides on hearing Dido's voice; and at that time they were in a crowd. Almost immediately the fox was seen to cross another ride, and a body of horsemen rushed away in that direction, knowing that the covert was small, and there the animal must soon leave the wood. Then there was a shout of "Away!" repeated over and over again, and Lord Chiltern, running up like a flash of lightning, and passing our two friends, galloped down a third ride to the right of the others. Phineas at once followed the master of the pack, and Madame Goesler followed Phineas. Men were still riding hither and thither; and a farmer, meeting them, with his horse turned back toward the centre of the wood which they were leaving, hallooed out as they passed that there was no way out at the bottom. They met another man in pink, who screamed out something as to "the devil of a bank down there." Chiltern, however, was still going on, and our hero had not the heart to stop his horse in its gallop and turn back from the direction in which the hounds were running. At that moment he hardly remembered the presence of Madame Goesler, but he did remember every word that had been said to him about Dandolo. He did not in the least doubt but that Chiltern had chosen his direction rightly, and that if he were once out of the wood he would find himself with the hounds; but what if this brute should refuse to take him out of the wood? That Dandolo was very fast he soon became aware, for he gained upon his friend before him as they neared the fence. And then he saw what there was before him. A new broad ditch had been cut, with the express object of preventing egress or ingress at that point; and a great bank had been constructed with the clay. In all probability there might be another ditch on the other side. Chiltern, however, had clearly made up his mind about it. The horse he was riding went at it gallantly, cleared the first ditch, balanced himself for half a moment on the bank, and then, with a fresh spring, got into the field beyond. The tail hounds were running past outside the covert, and the Master had placed himself exactly right for the work in hand. How excellent would be the condition of Finn if only Dandolo would do just as Chiltern's horse had done before him!

And Phineas almost began to hope that it might be so. The horse was going very well, and very willingly. His head was stretched out, he was pulling, not more, however, than pleasantly, and he seemed to be as anxious as his rider. But there was a little twitch about his ears which his rider did not like, and then it was impossible not to remember that awful warning given by the groom, "It's only sometimes, Sir." And after what fashion should Phineas ride him at the obstacle? He did not like to strike a horse that seemed to be going well, and was unwilling, as are all good riders, to use his heels. So he spoke to him, and proposed to lift him at the ditch. To the very edge the horse galloped—too fast, indeed, if he meant to take the bank as Chiltern's horse had done—and then stopping himself so suddenly that he must have shaken every joint in his body, he planted his fore-feet on the very brink, and there he stood, with his head down, quivering in every muscle. Phineas Finn, following naturally the momentum which had been given to him, went over the brute's neck head-foremost into the ditch. Madame Max was immediately off her horse. "Oh, Mr. Finn, are you hurt?"

But Phineas, happily, was not hurt. He was shaken and dirty, but not so shaken and not so dirty but that he was on his legs in a minute, imploring his companion not to mind him, but go on. "Going on doesn't seem to be so easy," said Madame Goesler, looking at the ditch as she held her horse in her hand. But to go back in such circumstances is a terrible disaster. It amounts to complete defeat; and is tantamount to a confession that you must go home, because you are unable to ride to hounds. A man, when he is compelled to do this, is almost driven to resolve at the spur of the moment that he will give up hunting for the rest of his life. And if one thing be more essential than any other to the horseman in general, it is that he, and not the animal which he rides, shall be the master. "The best thing is to stick him at it till he do," the groom had said; and Phineas resolved to be guided by the groom.

But his first duty was to attend on Madame Goesler. With very little assistance she was again in her saddle, and she at once declared herself certain that her horse could take the fence. Phineas again instantly jumped into his saddle, and turning Dandolo again at the ditch, rammed the rowels into the horse's sides. But Dandolo would not jump yet. He stood with his fore-feet on the brink; and when Phineas with his whip struck him severely over the shoulders, he went down into the ditch on all fours, and then scrambled back again to his former position. "What an infernal brute!" said Phineas, gnashing his teeth.

"He is a little obstinate, Mr. Finn; I wonder whether he'd jump if I gave him a lead." But Phineas was again making the attempt, urging the horse with spurs, whip, and voice. He had brought himself now to that condition in which a man is utterly reckless as to falling himself—or even to the kind of fall he may get—if he can only force his animal to make the attempt. But Dandolo would not make the attempt. With ears down and head outstretched, he either stuck obstinately on the brink, or allowed himself to be forced again and again into the ditch. "Let me try it once, Mr. Finn," said Madame Goesler in her quiet way.

She was riding a small horse, very nearly thorough-bred, and known as a perfect hunter by those who habitually saw Madame Goesler ride. No doubt he would have taken the fence readily enough had his rider followed immediately after Lord Chiltern; but Dandolo had balked at the fence nearly a dozen times, and evil communications will corrupt good manners. Without any show of violence, but still with persistent determination, Madame Goesler's horse also declined to jump. She put him at it again and again, and he would make no slightest attempt to do his business. Phineas, raging, fuming, out of breath, miserably unhappy, shaking his reins, plying his whip, rattling himself about in the saddle, and banging his legs against the horse's sides, again and again plunged away at the obstacle. But it was all to no purpose. Dandolo was constantly in the ditch, sometimes lying with his side against the bank, and had now been so hustled and driven that, had he been on the other side, he would have had no breath left to carry his rider, even in the ruck of the hunt. In the mean time the hounds and the leading horsemen were far away—never more to be seen on that day by either Phineas Finn or Madame Max Goesler. For a while, during the frantic efforts that were made, an occasional tardy horseman was viewed galloping along outside the covert, following the tracks of those who had gone before. But before the frantic efforts had been abandoned as utterly useless every vestige of the morning's work had left the neighborhood of Broughton Spinnies, except these two unfortunate ones. At last it was necessary that the defeat should be acknowledged. "We're beaten, Madame Goesler," said Phineas, almost in tears.

"Altogether beaten, Mr. Finn."

"I've a good mind to swear that I'll never come out hunting again."

"Swear what you like, if it will relieve you, only don't think of keeping such an oath. I've known you before this to be depressed by circumstances quite as distressing as these, and to be certain that all hope was over; but yet you have recovered." This was the only allusion she had yet made to their former acquaintance. "And now we must think of getting out of the wood."

"I haven't the slightest idea of the direction of any thing."

"Nor have I; but as we clearly can't get out this way, we might as well try the other. Come along. We shall find somebody to put us in the right road. For my part, I'm glad it is no worse. I thought at one time that you were going to break your neck." They rode on for a few minutes in silence, and then she spoke again: "Is it not odd, Mr. Finn, that after all that has come and gone, you and I should find ourselves riding about Broughton Spinnies together?"

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME GOESLER'S STORY.

"AFTER all that has come and gone, is it not odd that you and I should find ourselves riding about Broughton Spinnies together?" That was the question which Madame Goesler asked Phineas Finn when they had both agreed that it was impossible to jump over the bank out of the wood, and it was, of course, necessary that some answer should be given to it.

"When I saw you last in London," said Phineas, with a voice that was gruff, and a manner that was abrupt, "I certainly did not think that we should meet again so soon."

"No; I left you as though I had grounds for quarreling; but there was no quarrel. I wrote to you, and tried to explain that."

"You did; and though my answer was necessarily short, I was very grateful."

"And here you are back among us; and it does seem so odd. Lady Chiltern never told me that I was to meet you."

"Nor did she tell me."

"It is better so, for otherwise I should not have come, and then, perhaps, you would have been all alone in your discomfiture at the bank."

"That would have been very bad."

"You see I can be quite frank with you, Mr. Finn. I am heartily glad to see you, but I should not have come had I been told. And when I did see you, it was improbable that we should be thrown together as we are now—was it not? Ah! here is a man, and he can tell us the way to Copperhouse Cross. But I suppose we had better ask for Harrington Hall at once."

The man knew nothing at all about Harrington Hall, and very little about Copperhouse; but he did direct them on to the road, and they found that they were about sixteen miles from Lord Chiltern's house. The hounds had gone away in the direction of Trumpeton Wood, and it was agreed that it would be useless to follow them. The wagonette had been left at an inn about two miles from Copperhouse Cross, but they resolved to abandon that and to ride direct to Harrington Hall. It was now nearly three o'clock, and they would not be subjected to the shame which falls upon sportsmen who are seen riding home very early in the day. To get one's self lost before twelve, and then to come home, is a very degrading thing; but at any time after two you may be supposed to have ridden the run of the season, and to be returning after an excellent day's work.

Then Madame Goesler began to talk about herself, and to give a short history of her life during the last two and a half years. She did this in a frank, natural manner, continuing her tale in a low voice, as though it were almost a matter of course that she should make the recital to so old a friend. And Phineas soon began to feel that it was natural that she should do so. "It was just before you left us," she said, "that the Duke took to coming to my house." The Duke spoken of was the Duke of Omnium, and Phineas well remembered to have heard some rumors about the Duke and Madame Max. It had been hinted to him that the Duke wanted to marry the lady, but that rumor he had never believed. The reader, if he has duly studied the history of the age, will know that the Duke did make an offer to Madame Goesler, pressing it with all his eloquence, but that Madame Goesler, on mature consideration, thought it best to decline to become a duchess. Of all this, however, the reader who understands Madame Goesler's character will be quite sure that she did not say a word to Phineas Finn. Since the business had been completed she had spoken of it to no one but to Lady Glencora Palliser, who had forced herself into a knowledge of all the circumstances while they were being acted.

"I met the Duke once at Matching," said Phineas.

"I remember it well. I was there, and first made the Duke's acquaintance on that occasion. I don't know how it was that we became intimate; but we did, and then I formed a sort of friendship with Lady Glencora, and somehow it has come about that we have been a great deal together since."

"I suppose you like Lady Glencora?"

"Very much indeed—and the Duke too. The truth is, Mr. Finn, that let one boast as one may of one's independence—and I very often do boast of mine to myself—one is inclined to do more for a Duke of Omnium than for a Mr. Jones."

"The Dukes have more to offer than the Joneses; I don't mean in the way of wealth only, but of what one enjoys most in society generally."

"I suppose they have. At any rate, I am glad that you should make some excuse for me. But I do like the man. He is gracious and noble in his bearing. He is now very old, and sinking fast into the grave; but even the wreck is noble."

"I don't know that he ever did much," said Phineas.

"I don't know that he ever did any thing according to your idea of doing. There must be some men who do nothing."

"But a man with his wealth and rank has opportunities so great! Look at his nephew!"

"No doubt Mr. Palliser is a great man. He never has a moment to speak to his wife or to any body else, and is always thinking so much about the country that I doubt if he knows any thing about his own affairs. Of course he is a man of a different stamp—and of a higher stamp, if you will. But I have an idea that such characters as that of the present Duke are necessary to the maintenance of a great aristocracy. He has had the power of making the world believe in him simply because he has been rich and a duke. His nephew, when he comes to the title, will never receive a tithe of the respect that has been paid to this old faineant."

"But he will achieve much more than ten times the reputation," said Phineas.

"I won't compare them, nor will I argue, but I like the Duke. Nay, I love him. During the last two years I have allowed the whole fashion of my life to be remodeled by this intimacy. You knew what were my habits. I have only been in Vienna for one week since I last saw you, and I have spent months and months at Matching."

"What do you do there?"

"Read to him—talk to him—give him his food, and do all that in me lies to make his life bearable. Last year, when it was thought necessary that very distinguished people should be entertained at the great family castle, in Barsetshire, you know—"

"I have heard of the place."

"A regular treaty or agreement was drawn up. Conditions were sealed and signed. One condition was that both Lady Glencora and I should be there. We put our heads together to try to avoid this, as, of course, the Prince would not want to see me particularly, and it was altogether so grand an affair that things had to be weighed. But the Duke was inexorable. Lady Glencora at such a time would have other things to do, and I must be there, or Gatherum Castle should not be opened. I suggested whether I could not remain in the background and look after the Duke as a kind of upper nurse, but Lady Glencora said it would not do."

"Why should you subject yourself to such indignity?"

"Simply from love of the man. But, you see, I was not subjected. For two days I wore my jewels beneath royal eyes—eyes that will sooner or later belong to absolute majesty. It was an awful bore, and I ought to have been at Vienna. You ask me why I did it. The fact is that things sometimes become too strong for one, even when there is no real power of constraint. For years past I have been used to have my own way, but when there came a question of the entertainment of royalty I found myself reduced to blind obedience. I had to go to Gatherum Castle, to the absolute neglect of my business; and I went."

"Do you still keep it up?"

"Oh dear, yes. He is at Matching now, and I doubt whether he will ever leave it again. I shall go there from here as a matter of course, and relieve guard with Lady Glencora."

"I don't see what you get for it all."

"Get!—what should I get? You don't believe in friendship, then?"

"Certainly I do; but this friendship is so unequal. I can hardly understand that it should have grown from personal liking on your side."

"I think it has," said Madame Goesler, slowly. "You see, Mr. Finn, that you as a young man can hardly understand how natural it is that a young woman—if I may call myself young—should minister to an old man."

"But there should be some bond to the old man."

"There is a bond."

"You must not be angry with me," said Phineas.

"I am not in the least angry."

"I should not venture to express any opinion, of course, only that you ask me."

"I do ask you, and you are quite welcome to express your opinion. And were it not expressed, I should know that you thought just the same. I have wondered at it myself sometimes that I should have become, as it were, ingulfed in this new life, almost without will of my own. And when he dies, how shall I return to the other life? Of course I have the house in Park Lane still, but my very maid talks of Matching as my home."

"How will it be when he has gone?"

"Ah!—how, indeed? Lady Glencora and I will have to courtesy to each other, and there will be an end of it. She will be a duchess then, and I shall no longer be wanted."

"But even if you were wanted—"

"Oh, of course. It must last the Duke's time, and last no longer. It would not be a healthy kind of life were it not that I do my very best to make the evening of his days pleasant for him, and in that way to be of some service in the world. It has done me good to think that I have in some small degree sacrificed myself. Let me see; we are to turn here to the left. That goes to Copperhouse Cross, no doubt. Is it not odd that I should have told you all this history?"

"Just because this brute would not jump over the fence."

"I dare say I should have told you, even if he had jumped over; but certainly this has been a great opportunity. Do you tell you friend Lord Chiltern not to abuse the poor Duke any more before me. I dare say our host is all right in what he says, but I don't like it. You'll come and see me in London, Mr. Finn?"

"But you'll be at Matching?"

"I do get a few days at home sometimes. You see I have escaped for the present, or otherwise you and I would not have come to grief together in Broughton Spinnies."

Soon after this they were overtaken by others who were returning home, and who had been more fortunate than they in getting away with the hounds. The fox had gone straight for Trumpeton Wood, not daring to try the gorse on the way, and then had been run to ground. Chiltern was again in a towering passion, as the earth, he said, had been purposely left open. But on this matter the men who had overtaken our friends were both of opinion that Chiltern was wrong. He had allowed it to be understood that he would not draw Trumpeton Wood, and he had therefore no right to expect that the earths should be stopped. But there were and had been various opinions on this difficult point, as the laws of hunting are complex, recondite, numerous, traditional, and not always perfectly understood. Perhaps the day may arrive in which they shall be codified under the care of some great and laborious Master of Hounds.

"And they did nothing more?" asked Phineas.

"Yes; they chopped another fox before they left the place—so that in point of fact they have drawn Trumpeton. But they didn't mean it."

When Madame Max Goesler and Phineas had reached Harrington Hall they were able to give their own story of the day's sport to Lady Chiltern, as the remainder of the party had not as yet returned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPOONER OF SPOON HALL.

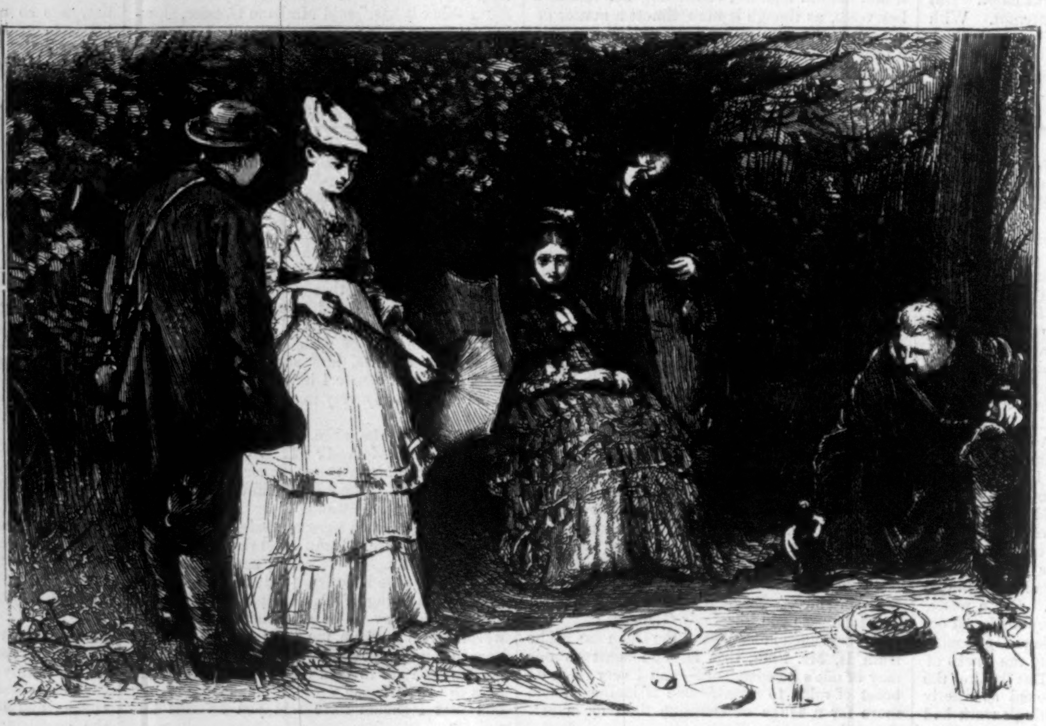
ADELAIDE PALLISER was a tall, fair girl, exquisitely made, with every feminine grace of motion, highly born, and carrying always the warranty of her birth in her appearance, but with no special loveliness of face. Let not any reader suppose that therefore she was plain. She possessed much more than a sufficiency of charm to justify her friends in claiming her as a beauty, and the demand had been generally allowed by public opinion. Adelaide Palliser was always spoken of as a girl to be admired; but she was not one whose countenance would strike with special admiration any beholder who did not know her. Her eyes were pleasant and bright, and, being in truth green, might, perhaps with propriety, be described as gray. Her nose was well formed. Her mouth was perhaps too small. Her teeth were perfect. Her chin was somewhat too long, and was on this account the defective feature of her face. Her hair was brown and plentiful, but in no way peculiar. No doubt she wore a chignon; but if so, she wore it with the special view of being in no degree remarkable in reference to her head-dress. Such as she was, beauty or no beauty, her own mind on the subject was made up, and she had resolved long since that the gift of personal loveliness had not been bestowed upon her. And yet, after a fashion, she was proud of her own appearance. She knew that she looked like a lady, and she knew also that she had all that command of herself which health and strength can give to a woman when she is without feminine affectation.

Lady Chiltern, in describing her to Phineas Finn, had said that she talked Italian and wrote for the *Times*. The former assertion was, no doubt, true, as Miss Palliser had passed some years of her childhood in Florence; but the latter statement was made probably with reference to her capability rather than her performance. Lady Chiltern intended to imply that Miss Palliser was so much better educated than young ladies in general that she was able to express herself intelligibly in her own language. She had been well educated, and would, no doubt, have done the *Times* credit had the *Times* chosen to employ her.

She was the youngest daughter of the youngest brother of the existing Duke of Omnium, and the first cousin, therefore, of Mr. Plantagenet Palliser, who was the eldest son of the second brother. And as her mother had been a Bavilard, there could be no better blood. But Adelaide had been brought up so far away from the lofty Pallisers and lofty Bavilards as almost to have lost the flavor of her birth. Her father and mother had died when she was an infant, and she had gone to the custody of a much older half-sister, Mrs. Atterbury, whose mother had been not a Bavilard, but a Brown. And Mr. Atterbury was a mere nobody, a rich, erudite, highly accomplished gentleman, whose father had made his money at the bar, and whose grandfather had been a country clergyman. Mrs. Atterbury, with her husband, was still living at Florence; but Adelaide Palliser had quarreled with Florence life, and had gladly consented to make a long visit to her friend Lady Chiltern.

In Florence she had met Gerard Maule, and the acquaintance had not been viewed with favor by the Atterburys. Mrs. Atterbury knew the history of the Maule family, and declared to her sister that no good could come from any intimacy. Old Mr. Maule, she said, was disreputable. Mrs. Maule, the mother—who, according to Mr. Atterbury, had been the only worthy member of the family—was long since dead. Gerard Maule's sister had gone away with an Irish cousin, and they were now living in India on the professional income of a captain in a foot regiment. Gerard Maule's younger brother had gone utterly to the dogs, and nobody knew any thing about him. Maule Abbey, the family seat in Herefordshire, was—so said Mrs. Atterbury—absolutely in ruins. The furniture, as all the world knew, had been sold by the squire's creditors under the sheriff's orders ten years ago, and not a chair or a table had been put into the house since that time. The property, which was small—£2000 a year at the outside—was, no doubt, entailed on the eldest son; and Gerard, fortunately, had a small fortune of his own, independent of his father. But then he was also a spendthrift—so said Mrs. Atterbury—keeping a stable full of horses, for which he could not afford to pay; and he was, moreover, the most insufferably idle man who ever wandered about the world without any visible occupation for his hours. "But he hunts," said Adelaide. "Do you call that an occupation?" asked Mrs. Atterbury, with scorn. Now Mrs. Atterbury painted pictures, copied Madonnas, composed sonatas, corresponded with learned men in Rome, Berlin, and Boston, had been the intimate friend of Cavour, had paid a visit to Garibaldi on his island with the view of explaining to him the real condition of Italy—and was supposed to understand Bismarck. Was it possible that a woman who so filled her own life should accept hunting as a creditable employment for a young man, when it was admitted to be his sole employment? And, moreover, she desired that her sister Adelaide should marry a certain Count Brudi, who, according to her belief, had more advanced ideas about things in general than any other living human being. Adelaide Palliser had determined that she would not marry Count Brudi; had, indeed, almost determined that she would marry Gerard Maule, and had left her brother-in-law's house in Florence after something like a quarrel. Mrs. Atterbury had declined to authorize the visit to Harrington Hall, and then Adelaide had pleaded her age and independence. She was her own mistress if she so chose to call herself, and would not, at any rate, remain in Florence at the present moment to receive the attentions of Signor Brudi. Of the previous winter she had passed three months with some relatives in England, and there she had learned to ride to hounds, had first met Gerard Maule, and had made acquaintance with Lady Chiltern. Gerard Maule had wandered to Italy after her, appearing at Florence in his desultory way, having no definite purpose, not even that of asking Adelaide to be his wife—but still pursuing her, as though he wanted her without knowing what he wanted. In the course of the spring, however, he had proposed, and had been almost accepted. But Adelaide, though she would not yield to her sister, had been frightened. She knew that she loved the man, and she swore to herself a thousand times that she would not be dictated to by her sister; but was she prepared to accept the fate which would at once be hers were she now to marry Gerard Maule? What could she do with a man who had no ideas of his own as to what he ought to do with himself?

Lady Chiltern was in favor of the marriage. The fortune, she said, was as much as Adelaide was entitled to expect, the man was a gentleman, was tainted by no vices, and was truly in love. "You had better let them fight it out somewhere else," Lord Chiltern had said when his wife proposed that the invitation to Gerard Maule should be renewed; but Lady Chiltern had known that if "fought out" at all, it must be fought out at Harrington Hall. "We have asked him to come back," she said to Adelaide, "in order that you may make up your mind. If he chooses to come, it will show that he is in earnest; and then you must take him, or make him understand that he is not to be taken." Gerard Maule had chosen to come, but Adelaide Palliser had not as yet quite made up her mind.



"LUNCH WAS SENT DOWN TO THE COVERT SIDE, AND THE LADIES WALKED DOWN AND JOINED THE SPORTSMEN."

Perhaps there is nothing so generally remarkable in the conduct of young ladies in the phase of life of which we are now speaking as the facility—it may almost be said audacity—with which they do make up their minds. A young man seeks a young woman's hand in marriage because she has waltzed stoutly with him, and talked pleasantly between the dances; and the young woman gives it, almost with gratitude. As to the young man, the readiness of his action is less marvelous than hers. He means to be master, and, by the very nature of the joint life they propose to lead, must take her to his sphere of life, not bind himself to hers. If he worked before, he will work still. If he was idle before, he will be idle still; and he probably does in some sort make a calculation and strike a balance between his means and the proposed additional burden of a wife and children. But she, knowing nothing, takes a monstrous leap in the dark, in which every thing is to be changed, and in which every thing is trusted to chance. Miss Palliser, however, differing in this from the majority of her friends and acquaintances, frightened, perhaps, by those representations of her sister to which she would not altogether yield, had paused, and was still pausing. "Where should we go and live if I did marry him?" she said to Lady Chiltern.

"I suppose he has an opinion of his own on that subject."

"Not in the least, I should think."

"Has he never said any thing about it?"

"Oh dear, no. Matters have not got so far as that at all, nor would they ever, out of his own head. If we were married and taken away to the train, he would only ask what place he should take the tickets for when he got to the station."

"Couldn't you manage to live at Maule Abbey?"

"Perhaps we might; only there is no furniture, and, as I am told, only half a roof."

"It does seem to be absurd that you two should not make up your mind, just as other people do," said Lady Chiltern. "Of course he is not a rich man, but you have known that all along."

"It is not a question of wealth or poverty, but of an utterly lackadaisical indifference to every thing in the world."

"He is not indifferent to you."

"That is the marvelous part of it," said Miss Palliser.

This was said on the evening of the famous day at Broughton Spinnies, and late on that night Lord Chiltern predicted to his wife that another episode was about to occur in the life of their friend.

"What do you think Spooner has just asked me?"

"Permission to fight the Duke or Mr. Palliser?"

"No, it's nothing about the hunting. He wants to know if you'd mind his staying here three or four days longer."

"What a very odd request!"

"It is odd, because he was to have gone to-morrow. I suppose there's no objection."

"Of course not, if you like to have him."

"I don't like it a bit," said Lord Chiltern; "but I couldn't turn him out. And I know what it means."

"What does it mean?"

"You haven't observed any thing?"

"I have observed nothing in Mr. Spooner, except an awe-struck horror at the trapping of a fox."

"He's going to propose to Adelaide Palliser."

"Oswald! You are not in earnest."

"I believe he is. He would have told me if he thought I could give him the slightest encouragement. You can't very well turn him out now."

"He'll get an answer that he won't like if he does," said Lady Chiltern.

Miss Palliser had ridden well on that day, and so had Gerard Maule. That Mr. Spooner should ride well to hounds was quite a matter of course. It was the business of his life to do so, and he did it with great judgment. He hated Maule's style of riding, considering it to be flashy, injurious to hunting, and unsportsmanlike; and now he had come to hate the man. He had, of course, perceived how close were the attentions paid by Mr. Maule to Miss Palliser, and he thought that he perceived that Miss Palliser did not accept them with thorough satisfaction. On his way back to Harrington Hall he made some inquiries, and was taught to believe that Mr. Maule was not a man of very high standing in the world. Mr. Spooner himself had a very pretty property of his own, which was all his own. There was no doubt about his furniture, or about the roof at Spoon Hall. He was Spooner of Spoon Hall, and had been high sheriff for his county. He was not so young as he once had been; but he was still a young man, only just turned forty, and was his own master in every thing. He could read, and he always looked at the country newspaper; but a book was a thing that he couldn't bear to handle. He didn't think he had ever seen a girl sit a horse better than Adelaide Palliser sat hers, and a girl who rode as she did would probably like a man addicted to hunting. Mr. Spooner knew that he understood hunting, whereas that fellow Maule cared for nothing but jumping over flights of rails. He asked a few questions that evening of Phineas Finn respecting Gerard Maule, but did not get much information. "I don't know where he lives," said Phineas; "I never saw him till I met him here."

"Don't you think he seems sweet upon that girl?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he is."

"She's an uncommonly clean-built young woman, isn't she?" said Mr. Spooner; "but it seems to me she don't care much for Master Maule. Did you see how he was riding to-day?"

"I didn't see any thing, Mr. Spooner."

"No, no; you didn't get away. I wish he'd been with you. But she went uncommon well." After that he made his request to Lord Chiltern, and Lord Chiltern, with a foresight quite unusual to him, predicted the coming event to his wife.

There was shooting on the following day, and Gerard Maule and Mr. Spooner were both out. Lunch was sent down to the covert side, and the ladies walked down and joined the sportsmen. On this occasion Mr. Spooner's assiduity was remarkable, and seemed to be accepted with kindly grace. Adelaide even asked a question about Trumpeton Wood, and expressed an opinion that her cousin was quite wrong because he did not take the matter up. "You know it's the keepers do it all," said Mr. Spooner, shaking his head with an appearance of great wisdom. "You never can have foxes unless you keep your keepers well in hand. If they drew the Spoon Hall coverts blank, I'd dismiss my man the next day."

"It mightn't be his fault."

"He knows my mind, and he'll take care that there are foxes. They've been at my stick covert three times this year, and put a brace out each time. A leash went from it last Monday week. When a man really means a thing, Miss Palliser, he can pretty nearly always do it." Miss Palliser replied, with a smile, that she thought that to be true, and Mr. Spooner was not slow at perceiving that this afforded good encouragement to him in regard to that matter which was now weighing most heavily upon his mind.

On the next day there was hunting again, and Phineas was mounted on a horse more amenable to persuasion than old Dandolo. There was a fair run in the morning, and both Phineas and Madame Max were carried well. The remarkable event in the day, however, was the riding of Dandolo in the afternoon by Lord Chiltern himself. He had determined that the horse should go out, and had sworn that he would ride him over a fence if he remained there making the attempt all night. For two weary hours he did remain, with a groom behind him, spurring the brute against a thick hedge, with a ditch at the other side of it, and at the end of the two hours he succeeded. The horse at last made a buck leap, and went over with a loud grunt. On his way home Lord Chiltern sold the horse to a farmer for fifteen pounds; and that was the end of Dandolo, as far as the Harrington Hall stables were concerned. This took place on the Friday, the 8th of February. It was understood that Mr. Spooner was to return to Spoon Hall on Saturday, and on Monday, the 11th, Phineas was to go to London. On the 12th the session would begin, and he would once more take his seat in Parliament.

"I give you my word and honor, Lady Chiltern," Gerard Maule said to his hostess, "I believe that oaf of a man is making up to Adelaide." Mr. Maule had not been reticent about his love toward Lady Chiltern, and came to her habitually in all his troubles.

"Chiltern has told me the same thing."

"No!"

"Why shouldn't he see it as well as you? But I wouldn't believe it."

"Upon my word, I believe it's true. But, Lady Chiltern—"

"Well, Mr. Maule?"

"You know her so well."

"Adelaide, you mean?"

"You understand her thoroughly. There can't be any thing in it; is there?"

"How any thing?"

"She can't really—like him?"

"Mr. Maule, if I were to tell her that you had asked such a question as that I don't believe that she'd ever speak a word to you again; and it would serve you right. Didn't you call him an oaf?"

"I did."

"And how long has she known him?"

"I don't believe she ever spoke to him before yesterday."

"And yet you think that she will be ready to accept this oaf as her husband to-morrow! Do you call that respect?"

"Girls do do such wonderful strange things. What an impudent ass he must be!"

"I don't see that at all. He may be an ass and yet not impudent, or impudent and yet not an ass. Of course he has a right to speak his mind—and she will have a right to speak hers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "WEST END" OF CITIES.

THE westward march of empire and emigration has long been proverbial, and attention has lately been called to the fact that the same tendency prevails also to a large extent in towns and cities, where the *west end* is generally the most fashionable, being first occupied by the better classes of residences, to be in turn invaded by the movement of business and trade. Flammarion suggests that the western movement is caused by the direction of the sunset, toward which people feel disposed to form their gardens, build their houses, and in that direction are most inclined to walk, the evening, and not the morning, being the usual time for recreation. Mr. Barrett, however, in *Nature* inquires whether a more probable explanation is not to be found in a general dislike to an easterly wind, and in the fact that westerly winds usually cause the greatest fall in the barometer, and thus the easterly portion of a town is often inundated with odors and effluvia of a great city, while the western portion is left comparatively free.

RAMBLES NEAR ALGIERS.

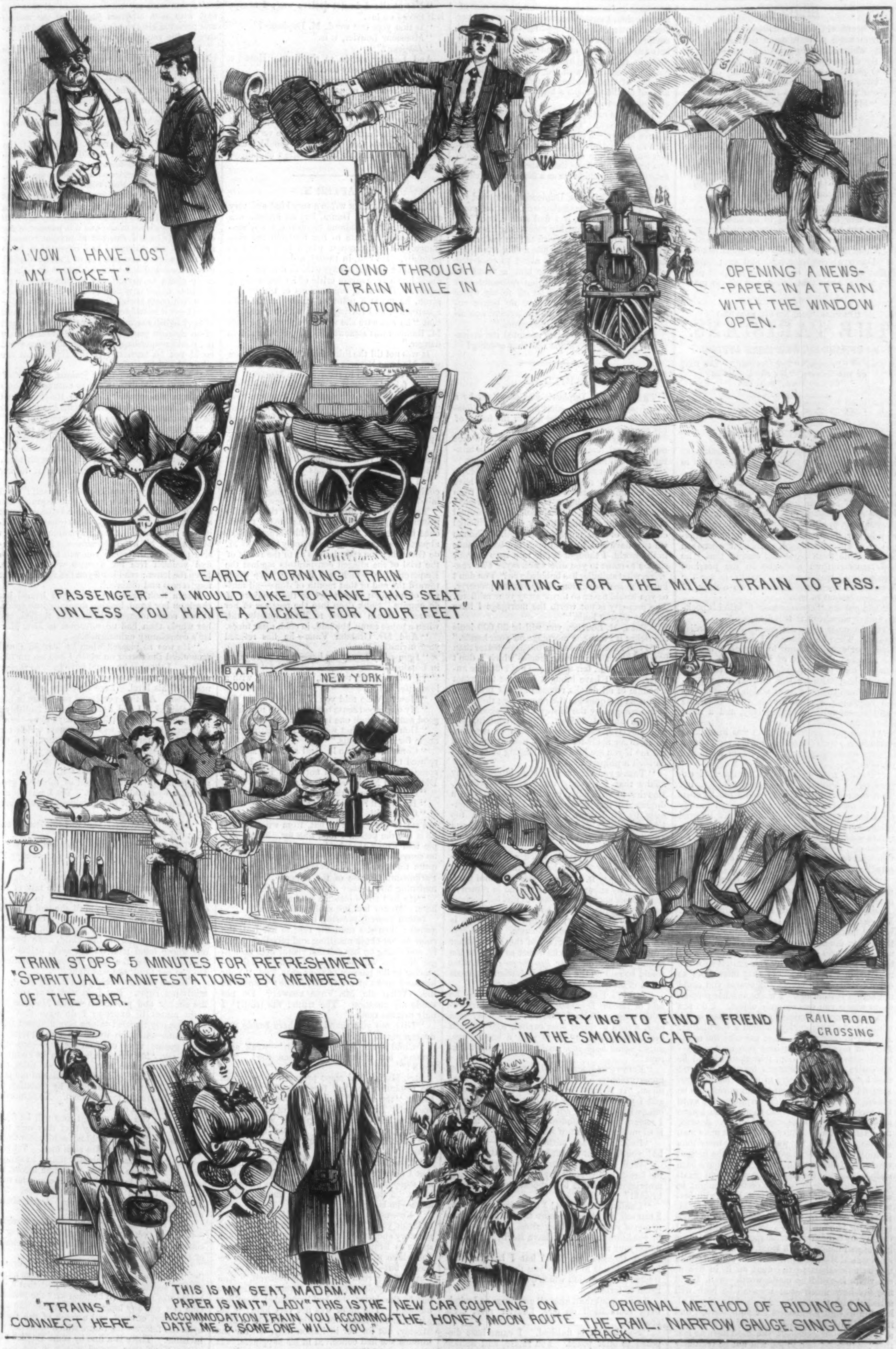
MUSTAPHA SUPÉRIEUR, which is the Franco-Algerian name given to the verdant heights overlooking the bay of Algiers, just outside the eastern gate of the town, was evidently in former days the summer abode of wealthy Turks and Moors. There, facing the sea, on the slope of the hills stood their picturesque white residences, resembling miniature palaces, peeping out from masses of green foliage; not surrounded by parks of fine old elms and oaks, like English country mansions, but lying half buried in groves of orange and lemon trees, aloes, bananas, and cypress. Thither the pirates repaired toward the close of the day, while the sea was still red with the rays of the setting sun, to enjoy the society of their wives, to smoke their chibouks and sip their coffee, and to dream of the speedy return of their galleys loaded with plunder and Christian slaves. There stand the villas at the present day as they did years ago, when the crescented banner floated from the top of the Kasbah, though very few of them are now inhabited by Mussulmans. Many have fallen into the hands of the ill-used, insulted, reviled, persecuted, but always thriving Jew, who under the Turkish domination would not have dared to give himself the luxury of a country residence, while others, where walls have been substituted for the prickly cactus hedges, are now the property of Europeans, and have been adapted to modern ideas of comfort. A splendid view may be obtained from the summit of Mustapha, standing among these delightfully pretty dwellings which lie on the slope of the hill in the midst of large gardens, inclosed by thick foliage and cactus hedges covered with a profusion of yellow blossoms—secluded places of abode, admirably suited to those lovers who, under the fascination of Cupid's dart, dream of passing their lives in a paradise of their own,

> "The world forgetting, by the
> world forgot."

Every where you inhale a perfume of orange blossoms mingled with roses and jasmine. It seems, indeed, as if these charming retreats had once comprised every thing calculated to make a woman loving and happy—except liberty—and must have been constructed almost solely with a view to rendering the captivity of the lovely creatures by whom they were inhabited as agreeable as possible. They must, indeed, have been delicious prisons to those who from their earliest childhood had never known what freedom was. Apartments with walls and floors of the purest white marble, soft down cushions and Persian carpets to recline upon, marble baths and fountains at the corners to sport about in, and negresses to assist at the toilet with the softest and whitest of linen. Shady gardens, laid out with pretty arbors covered with vines and jasmine, and sandy walks bordered with roses and scarlet passion-flowers, to promenade in in the daytime; terraces on which to sit listening to the song of the nightingale of an evening, and musical instruments to while away the hours while awaiting the master's return.

Before you from this summit you see in the background the blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted toward land with small sailing craft, with their white triangular sails flashing in the sun as they rise and sink upon the waves, while in the distance, near the horizon, large vessels and steamers are passing to and fro. On the left Algiers towers up toward the sky, resembling a mass of square, white, windowless buildings, built one upon another until they reach the summit of the Sahel Hills, whence the Kasbah overlooks the town, showing plainly enough that, like the Bastile, the Tower of London, and most other citadels, it was erected more with a view of keeping the inhabitants in subjection than for the purpose of affording them any protection against their enemies.

At the base of the hill are the port and the railway station, easily distinguished, even at this distance, by the little forest of masts and the clouds of white smoke bursting from the funnels of the locomotives. Here commences the line of the bay, extending eastward as far as Cape Matifou, but broken at irregular distances by the bathing establishments, the market-gardens, the clusters of white houses, the rivers Harrach and El-Khrenis, which run through a verdant plateau sloping down to the sea-shore, and the little village of Fort-de-l'Eau, standing in the low ground close to where three Spanish fleets were knocked to pieces by the winds and waves, and where the flower of three armies was either slain by the Mohammedan cimeter or carried off to slavery. It is a picture full of beauty and of historic suggestion.


"I VOW I HAVE LOST MY TICKET."
GOING THROUGH A TRAIN WHILE IN MOTION.
OPENING A NEWS-PAPER IN A TRAIN WITH THE WINDOW OPEN.
EARLY MORNING TRAIN
PASSENGER - "I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THIS SEAT UNLESS YOU HAVE A TICKET FOR YOUR FEET"
WAITING FOR THE MILK TRAIN TO PASS.
BAR ROOM
NEW YORK
TRAIN STOPS 5 MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT. "SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS" BY MEMBERS OF THE BAR.
Th: Nast
TRYING TO FIND A FRIEND IN THE SMOKING CAR
RAIL ROAD CROSSING
"TRAINS" CONNECT HERE"
"THIS IS MY SEAT, MADAM. MY PAPER IS IN IT" LADY" THIS IS THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN YOU ACCOMMODATE ME & SOME ONE WILL YOU"
NEW CAR COUPLING ON THE HONEY MOON ROUTE
ORIGINAL METHOD OF RIDING ON THE RAIL. NARROW GAUGE SINGLE TRACK

HUMORS OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

BEREFT.

SHE heard old ocean's hollow roll
And wash of wave upon the sand,
The while a breeding twilight stole
By dim degrees o'er all the land.
"O sea," she said, "give up your dead!
Give back my sailor boy to me!
What worth is left in life?" she said;
"My one love lies beneath the sea!"

A loose wind wandered through the leaves,
And came and went about the place;
It whispered round the cottage eaves,
And last it touched her on the face.
"O wind," she said, "my boy is dead!
And if ye come from yon dark sea,
Bring back, O wind," she, weeping, said,
"Some tidings of my boy to me!"

Slowly the dull night wore away,
A new day trembled to its birth,
The sun broke through the eastern gray
And drove the shadows from the earth.
"Once more," she said, "the night has fled,
Dawn widens over land and sea;
But never will it come," she said,
"The dawn that brings my boy to me!"

(Continued from No. 871, page 786.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day which had inflicted on Isaura so keen an anguish was marked by a great trial in the life of Alain de Rochebriant.

In the morning he received the notice of "*un commandement tendant à saisie immobilière*," on the part of his creditor, M. Louvier; in plain English, an announcement that his property at Rochebriant would be put up to public sale on a certain day, in case all debts due to the mortgagee were not paid before. An hour afterward came a note from Duplessis stating that "he had returned from Bretagne on the previous evening, and would be very happy to see the Marquis de Rochebriant before two o'clock, if not inconvenient to call."

Alain put the "*commandement*" into his pocket, and repaired to the Hôtel Duplessis.

The financier received him with very cordial civility. Then he began: "I am happy to say I left your excellent aunt in very good health. She honored the letter of introduction to her which I owe to your politeness with the most amiable hospitalities; she insisted on my removing from the *auberge* at which I first put up and becoming a guest under your venerable roof-tree—a most agreeable lady, and a most interesting *château*."

"I fear your accommodation was in striking contrast to your comforts at Paris; my *château* is only interesting to an antiquarian enamored of ruins."

"Pardon me, 'ruins' is an exaggerated expression. I do not say that the *château* does not want some repairs, but they would not be costly; the outer walls are strong enough to defy time for centuries to come, and a few internal decorations and some modern additions of furniture would make the old *manoir* a home fit for a prince. I have been over the whole estate, too, with the worthy M. Hébert—a superb property!"

"Which M. Louvier appears to appreciate," said Alain, with a somewhat melancholy smile, extending to Duplessis the menacing notice.

Duplessis glanced at it, and said, dryly, "M. Louvier knows what he is about. But I think we had better put an immediate stop to formalities which must be painful to a creditor so benevolent. I do not presume to offer to pay the interest due on the security you can give for the repayment. If you refused that offer from so old a friend as Lemercier, of course you could not accept it from me. I make another proposal, to which you can scarcely object. I do not like to give my scheming rival on the Bourse the triumph of so profoundly planned a speculation. Aid me to defeat him. Let me take the mortgage on myself, and become sole mortgagee—hush!—on this condition, that there should be an entire union of interests between us two; that I should be at liberty to make the improvements I desire, and when the improvements be made, there should be a fair arrangement as to the proportion of profits due to me as mortgagee and improver, to you as original owner. Attend, my dear Marquis—I am speaking as a mere man of business. I see my way to adding more than a third—I might even say a half—to the present revenues of Rochebriant. The woods have been sadly neglected; drainage alone would add greatly to their produce. Your orchards might be rendered magnificent supplies to Paris with better cultivation. Lastly, I would devote to building purposes or to market-gardens all the lands round the two towns of —— and ——. I think I can lay my hands on suitable speculators for these last experiments. In a word, though the market value of Rochebriant, as it now stands, would not be equivalent to the debt on it, in five or six years it could be made worth—well, I will not say how much—but we shall be both well satisfied with the result. Meanwhile, if you allow me to find purchasers for your timber, and if you will not suffer the Chevalier de Finisterre to regulate your expenses, you need have no fear that the interest due to me will not be regularly paid, even though I shall be compelled, for the first year or two at least, to ask a higher rate of interest than Louvier exacted—say a quarter per cent. more; and in suggesting that, you will comprehend that this is now a matter of business between us, and not of friendship."

Alain turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, and then with the quick, affectionate impulse of the genuine French nature, threw himself on the financier's breast and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You save me! you save the home and tombs of my ancestors! Thank you I can not; but I believe in God—I pray—I will pray for you as for a father! And if ever," he hurried on, in broken words, "I am mean enough to squander on idle luxuries one franc that I should save for the debt due to you, chide me as a father would chide a graceless son."

Moved as Alain was, Duplessis was moved yet more deeply. "What father would not be proud of such a son? Ah, if I had such a one!" he said, softly. Then, quickly recovering his wonted composure, he added, with the sardonic smile which often chilled his friends and alarmed his foes, "Monsieur Louvier is about to pass that which I ventured to promise him, a '*mauvais quart d'heure.*' Lend me that *commandement tendant à saisie.* I must be off to my *avoué* with instructions. If you have no better engagement, pray dine with me to-day, and accompany Valérie and myself to the opera."

I need not say that Alain accepted the invitation. How happy Valérie was that evening!

CHAPTER IX.

THE next day Duplessis was surprised by a visit from M. Louvier—that magnate of *millionnaires* had never before set foot in the house of his younger and less famous rival.

The burly man entered the room with a face much flushed, and with more than his usual mixture of jovial *brusquerie* and opulent swagger.

"Startled to see me, I dare say," began Louvier, as soon as the door was closed. "I have this morning received a communication from your agent containing a check for the interest due to me from M. Rochebriant, and a formal notice of your intention to pay off the principal on behalf of that popinjay prodigal. Though we two have not hitherto been the best friends in the world, I thought it fair to a man in your station to come to you direct and say, '*Cher confrère*, what swindler has bubbled you? You don't know the real condition of this Breton property, or you would never so throw away your millions. The property is not worth the mortgage I have on it by 30,000 louis.'"

"Then, M. Louvier, you will be 30,000 louis the richer if I take the mortgage off your hands."

"I can afford the loss—no offense—better than you can; and I may have fancies which I don't mind paying for, but which can not influence another. See, I have brought with me the exact schedule of all details respecting this property. You need not question their accuracy; they have been arranged by the Marquis's own agents, M. Gandrin and M. Hébert. They contain, you will perceive, every possible item of revenue, down to an apple-tree. Now look at that, and tell me if you are justified in lending such a sum on such a property."

"Thank you very much for an interest in my affairs that I scarcely ventured to expect M. Louvier to entertain; but I see that I have a duplicate of this paper, furnished to me very honestly by M. Hébert himself. Besides, I too have fancies which I don't mind paying for, and among them may be a fancy for the lands of Rochebriant."

"Look you, Duplessis, when a man like me asks a favor, you may be sure that he has the power to repay it. Let me have my whim here, and ask any thing you like from me in return!"

"*Désolé* not to oblige you, but this has become not only a whim of mine, but a matter of honor; and honor, you know, my dear M. Louvier, is the first principle of sound finance. I have myself, after careful inspection of the Rochebriant property, volunteered to its owner to advance the money to pay off your *hypothèque;* and what would be said on the Bourse if Lucien Duplessis failed in an obligation?"

"I think I can guess what will one day be said of Lucien Duplessis if he make an irrevocable enemy of Paul Louvier. *Corbleu! mon cher*, a man of thrice your capital, who watched every speculation of yours with a hostile eye, might some *beau jour* make even you a bankrupt!"

"Forewarned, forearmed!" replied Duplessis, imperturbably. "'*Fas est ab hoste doceri*'—I mean, 'It is right to be taught by an enemy;' and I never remember the day when you were otherwise, and yet I am not a bankrupt, though I receive you in a house which, thanks to you, is so modest in point of size!"

"Bah! that was a mistake of mine—and, ha! ha! you had your revenge there—that forest!"

"Well, as a peace-offering, I will give you up the forest, and content my ambition as a landed proprietor with this bad speculation of Rochebriant!"

"Confound the forest! I don't care for it now. I can sell my place for more than it has cost me to one of your imperial favorites. Build a palace in your forest. Let me have Rochebriant, and name your terms."

"A thousand pardons! but I have already had the honor to inform you that I have contracted an obligation which does not allow me to listen to terms."

As a serpent that, after all crawlings and windings, rears itself on end, Louvier rose, crest erect—

"So, then, it is finished. I came here disposed to offer peace. You refuse, and declare war."

"Not at all; I do not declare war; I accept it if forced on me."

"Is that your last word, M. Duplessis?"

"Monsieur Louvier, it is."

"*Bonjour!*"

And Louvier strode to the door. Here he paused. "Take a day to consider."

"Not a moment."

"Your servant, monsieur—your very humble servant." Louvier vanished.

Duplessis leaned his large thoughtful forehead on his thin nervous hand. "This loan will pinch me," he muttered. "I must be very wary now with such a foe. Well, why should I care to be rich? Valérie's *dot*, Valérie's happiness, are secured."

CHAPTER X.

MADAME SAVARIN wrote a very kind and very apologetic letter to Isaura, but no answer was returned to it. Madame Savarin did not venture to communicate to her husband the substance of a conversation which had ended so painfully. He had, in theory, a delicacy of tact which, if he did not always exhibit it in practice, made him a very severe critic of its deficiency in others. Therefore, unconscious of the offense given, he made a point of calling at Isaura's apartments, and leaving word with her servant that "he was sure she would be pleased to hear M. Rameau was somewhat better, though still in danger."

It was not till the third day after her interview with Madame Savarin that Isaura left her own room. She did so to receive Mrs. Morley.

The fair American was shocked to see the change in Isaura's countenance. She was very pale, and with that indescribable appearance of exhaustion which betrays continued want of sleep; her soft eyes were dim, the play of her lips was gone, her light step weary and languid.

"My poor darling!" cried Mrs. Morley, embracing her, "you have indeed been ill! What is the matter? Who attends you?"

"I need no physician; it was but a passing cold—the air of Paris is very trying. Never mind me, dear. What is the last news?"

Therewith Mrs. Morley ran glibly through the principal topics of the hour—the breach threatened between M. Ollivier and his former Liberal partisans; the tone unexpectedly taken by M. de Girardin; the speculations as to the result of the trial of the alleged conspirators against the Emperor's life, which was fixed to take place toward the end of that month of June—all matters of no slight importance to the interests of an empire. Sunk deep into the recesses of her *fauteuil*, Isaura seemed to listen quietly, till, when a pause came, she said, in cold, clear tones,

"And Mr. Graham Vane—he has refused your invitation?"

"I am sorry to say he has—he is so engaged in London."

"I knew he had refused," said Isaura, with a low bitter laugh.

"How? Who told you?"

"My own good sense told me. One may have good sense, though one is a poor scribbler."

"Don't talk in that way; it is beneath you to angle for compliments."

"Compliments! ah! And so Mr. Vane has refused to come to Paris. Never mind; he will come next year. I shall not be in Paris then. Did Colonel Morley see Mr. Vane?"

"Oh yes; two or three times."

"He is well?"

"Quite well, I believe—at least Frank did not say to the contrary; but, from what I hear, he is not the person I took him for. Many people told Frank that he is much changed since he came into his fortune—is grown very stingy, quite miserly, indeed; declines even a seat in Parliament because of the expense. It is astonishing how money does spoil a man."

"He had come into his fortune when he was here. Money had not spoiled him then."

Isaura paused, pressing her hands tightly together; then she suddenly rose to her feet, the color on her cheek mantling and receding rapidly, and fixing on her startled visitor eyes no longer dim, but with something half fierce, half imploring in the passion of their gaze, said, "Your husband spoke of me to Mr. Vane: I know he did. What did Mr. Vane answer? Do not evade my question. The truth! the truth! I only ask the truth!"

"Give me your hand. Sit here beside me, dearest child."

"Child!—no, I am a woman!—weak as a woman, but strong as a woman too! The truth!"

Mrs. Morley had come prepared to carry out the resolution she had formed and "break" to Isaura "the truth," that which the girl now demanded. But then she had meant to break the truth in her own gentle, gradual way. Thus suddenly called upon, her courage failed her. She burst into tears. Isaura gazed at her dry-eyed.

"Your tears answer me. Mr. Vane has heard that I have been insulted. A man like him does not stoop to love for a woman who has known an insult. I do not blame him; I honor him the more—he is right."

"No—no—no!—you insulted! Who dared to insult you?" (Mrs. Morley had never heard the story about the Russian Prince.) "Mr. Vane spoke to Frank, and writes of you to me as of one whom it is impossible not to admire, to respect; but—I can not say it—you will have the truth—there, read and judge for yourself." And Mrs. Morley drew forth and thrust into Isaura's hands the letter she had concealed from her husband. The letter was not very long; it began with expressions of warm gratitude to Mrs. Morley, not for her invitation only, but for the interest she had conceived in his happiness. It then went on thus:

"I join with my whole heart in all that you say, with such eloquent justice, of the mental and personal gifts so bounteously lavished by nature on the young lady whom you name.

"No one can feel more sensible than I of the charm of so exquisite a loveliness; no one can more sincerely join in the belief that the praise which greets the commencement of her career is but the whisper of the praise that will cheer its progress with louder and louder plaudits.

"He only would be worthy of her hand who, if not equal to herself in genius, would feel raised into partnership with it by sympathy with its objects and joy in its triumphs. For myself, the same pain with which I should have learned she had adopted the profession which she originally contemplated saddened and stung me when, choosing a career that confers a renown yet more lasting than the stage, she no less left behind her the peaceful immunities of private life. Were I even free to consult only my own heart in the choice of the one sole partner of my destinies (which I can not at present honestly say that I am, though I had expected to be so ere this, when I last saw you at Paris); could I even hope—which I have no right to do—that I could chain to myself any private portion of thoughts which now flow into the large channels by which poets enrich the blood of the world—still (I say it in self-reproach—it may be the fault of my English rearing—it may rather be the fault of an egotism peculiar to myself)—still I doubt if I could render happy any woman whose world could not be narrowed to the Home that she adorned and blessed.

"And yet not even the jealous tyranny of man's love could dare to say to natures like hers of whom we speak, 'Limit to the household glory of one the light which genius has placed in its firmament for the use and enjoyment of all.'"

"I thank you so much," said Isaura, calmly; "suspense makes a woman so weak—certainty so strong." Mechanically she smoothed and refolded the letter—mechanically, but with slow, lingering hands—then she extended it to her friend, smiling.

"Nay, will you not keep it yourself?" said Mrs. Morley. "The more you examine the narrow-minded prejudices, the English arrogant *man's* jealous dread of superiority—nay, of equality—in the woman he can only value as he does his house or his horse, because she is his exclusive property, the more you will be rejoiced to find yourself free for a more worthy choice. Keep the letter; read it till you feel for the writer forgiveness and disdain."

Isaura took back the letter, and leaned her cheek on her hand, looking dreamily into space. It was some moments before she replied, and her words then had no reference to Mrs. Morley's consolatory exhortation.

"He was so pleased when he learned that I renounced the career on which I had set my ambition. I thought he would have been so pleased when I sought in another career to raise myself nearer to his level. I see now how sadly I was mistaken. All that perplexed me before in him is explained. I did not guess how foolishly I had deceived myself till three days ago—then I did guess it; and it was that guess which tortured me so terribly that I could not keep my heart to myself when I saw you to-day; in spite of all womanly pride, it would force its way—to the truth. Hush! I must tell you what was said to me by another friend of mine—a good friend, a wise and kind one. Yet I was so angry when she said it that I thought I could never see her more."

"My sweet darling! who was this friend, and what did she say to you?"

"The friend was Madame Savarin."

"No woman loves you more except myself; and she said—"

"That she would have suffered no daughter of hers to commit her name to the talk of the world as I have done—be exposed to the risk of insult as I have been—until she had the shelter and protection denied to me. And I having thus overleaped the bound that a prudent mother would prescribe to her child, have become one whose hand men do not seek, unless they themselves take the same roads to notoriety. Do you not think she was right?"

"Not as you so morbidly put it, silly girl—certainly not right. But I do wish that you had the shelter and protection which Madame Savarin meant to express; I do wish that you were happily married to one very different from Mr. Vane—one who would be more proud of your genius than of your beauty—one who would say, 'My name, safer far in its enduring nobility than those that depend on titles and lands—which are held on the tenure of the popular breath—must be honored by posterity, for She has deigned to make it hers. No democratic revolution can disennoble *me*.'"

"Ay, ay, you believe that men will be found to think with complacency that they owe to a wife a name that they could not achieve for themselves. Possibly there are such men. Where?—among those that are already united by sympathies in the same callings, the same labors, the same hopes and fears, with the women who have left behind them the privacies of home. Madame de Grantmesnil was wrong. Artists should wed with artists. True—true!"

Here she passed her hand over her forehead—it was a pretty way of hers when seeking to concentrate thought—and was silent a moment or so.

"Did you ever feel," she then asked, dreamily, "that there are moments in life when a dark curtain seems to fall over one's past that a day before was so clear, so blended with the present? One can not any longer look behind; the gaze is attracted onward, and a track of fire flashes upon the future—the future which yesterday was invisible. There is a line by some English poet—Mr. Vane once quoted it, not to me, but to

M. Savarin, and in illustration of his argument—that the most complicated recesses of thought are best reached by the simplest forms of expression. I said to myself, 'I will study that truth if ever I take to literature as I have taken to song;' and—yes—it was that evening that the ambition fatal to woman fixed on me its relentless fangs—at Enghien—we were on the lake—the sun was setting."

"But you do not tell me the line that so impressed you," said Mrs. Morley, with the woman's kindly tact.

"The line—which line? Oh, I remember; the line was this—

> 'I see as from a tower the end of all.'

And now—kiss me, dearest—never a word again to me about this conversation: never a word about Mr. Vane—the dark curtain has fallen on the past."

CHAPTER XI.

MEN and women are much more like each other in certain large elements of character than is generally supposed, but it is that very resemblance which makes their differences the more incomprehensible to each other; just as in politics, theology, or that most disputatious of all things disputable, metaphysics, the nearer the reasoners approach each other in points that to an uncritical by-stander seem the most important, the more sure they are to start off in opposite directions upon reaching the speck of a pinprick.

Now there are certain grand meeting-places between man and woman—the grandest of all is on the ground of love, and yet here also is the great field of quarrel. And here the teller of a tale such as mine ought, if he is sufficiently wise to be humble, to know that it is almost profanation if, as man, he presumes to enter the penetralia of a woman's innermost heart, and repeat, as a man would repeat, all the vibrations of sound which the heart of a woman sends forth undistinguishable even to her own ear.

I know Isaura as intimately as if I had rocked her in her cradle, played with her in her childhood, educated and trained her in her youth; and yet I can no more tell you faithfully what passed in her mind during the forty-eight hours that intervened between her conversation with that American lady and her reappearance in some commonplace drawing-room than I can tell you what the Man in the Moon might feel if the sun that his world reflected were blotted out of creation.

I can only say that when she reappeared in that commonplace drawing-room world, there was a change in her face not very perceptible to the ordinary observer. If any thing, to his eye she was handsomer—the eye was brighter—the complexion (always lustrous—though somewhat pale, the limpid paleness that suits so well with dark hair) was yet more lustrous—it was flushed into delicate rose hues—hues that still better suit with dark hair. What, then, was the change, and change not for the better? The lips, once so pensively sweet, had grown hard; on the brow that had seemed to laugh when the lips did there was no longer sympathy between brow and lip; there was scarcely seen a fine thread-like line that in a few years would be a furrow on the space between the eyes; the voice was not so tenderly soft; the step was haughtier. What all such change denoted it is for a woman to decide—I can only guess. In the mean while Mademoiselle Cicogna had sent her servant daily to inquire after M. Rameau. That, I think, she would have done under any circumstances. Meanwhile, too, she had called on Madame Savarin—made it up with her—sealed the reconciliation by a cold kiss. That, too, under any circumstances, I think, she would have done—under some circumstances the kiss might have been less cold.

There was one thing unwonted in her habits. I mention it, though it is only a woman who can say if it means any thing worth noticing.

For six days she had left a letter from Madame de Grantmesnil unanswered. With Madame de Grantmesnil was connected the whole of her innermost life—from the day when the lonely, desolate child had seen, beyond the dusty thoroughfares of life, gleams of the faery-land in poetry and art—onward through her restless, dreamy, aspiring youth—onward—onward—till now, through all that constitutes the glorious reality that we call romance.

Never before had she left for two days unanswered letters which were to her as Sibylline leaves to some unquiet neophyte yearning for solutions to enigmas suggested whether by the world without or by the soul within. For six days Madame de Grantmesnil's letter remained unanswered, unread, neglected, thrust out of sight; just as when some imperious necessity compels us to grapple with a world that is, we cast aside the romance which, in our holiday hours, had beguiled us to a world with which we have interests and sympathies no more.

CHAPTER XII.

GUSTAVE recovered, but slowly. The physician pronounced him out of all immediate danger, but said frankly to him, and somewhat more guardedly to his parents, "There is ample cause to beware." "Look you, my young friend," he added to Rameau, "mere brain-work seldom kills a man once accustomed to it, like you; but heart-work and stomach-work and nerve-work, added to brain-work, may soon consign to the coffin a frame ten times more robust than yours. Write as much as you will—that is your vocation; but it is not your vocation to drink absinthe—to preside at orgies in the *Maison Dorée.* Regulate yourself, and not after the fashion of the fabulous Don Juan. Marry—live soberly and quietly—and you may survive the grandchildren of *viveurs.* Go on as you have done, and before the year is out you are in *Père la Chaise.*"

Rameau listened languidly, but with a profound conviction that the physician thoroughly understood his case.

Lying helpless on his bed, he had no desire for orgies at the *Maison Dorée;* with parched lips thirsty for innocent *tisane* of lime blossoms, the thought of absinthe was as odious to him as the liquid fire of Phlegethon. If ever sinner became suddenly convinced that there was a good deal to be said in favor of a moral life, that sinner, at the moment I speak of, was Gustave Rameau. Certainly a moral life—"*Domus et placens uxor,*" were essential to the poet who, aspiring to immortal glory, was condemned to the ailments of a very perishable frame.

"Ah!" he murmured, plaintively, to himself, "that girl Isaura can have no true sympathy with genius! It is no ordinary man that she will kill in me!"

And so murmuring, he fell asleep. When he woke and found his head pillowed on his mother's breast, it was much as a sensitive, delicate man may wake after having drunk too much the night before. Repentant, mournful, maudlin, he began to weep, and in the course of his weeping he confided to his mother the secret of his heart.

Isaura had refused him—that refusal had made him desperate.

"Ah! with Isaura how changed would be his habits! how pure! how healthful!" His mother listened fondly, and did her best to comfort him and cheer his drooping spirits.

She told him of Isaura's messages of inquiry duly twice a day. Rameau, who knew more about women in general, and Isaura in particular, than his mother conjectured, shook his head mournfully. "She could not do less," he said. "Has no one offered to do more?" He thought of Julie when he asked that. Madame Rameau hesitated.

These poor Parisians! it is the *mode* to preach against them; and before my book closes I shall have to preach—no, not to preach, but to imply—plenty of faults to consider and amend. Meanwhile I try my best to take them, as the philosophy of life tells us to take other people, for what they are.

I do not think the domestic relations of the Parisian *bourgeoisie* are as bad as they are said to be in French novels. Madame Rameau is not an uncommon type of her class. She had been when she first married singularly handsome—it was from her that Gustave inherited his beauty; and her husband was a very ordinary type of the French shop-keeper—very plain, by no means intellectual, but gay, good-humored, devotedly attached to his wife, and with implicit trust in her conjugal virtue. Never was trust better placed. There was not a happier nor a more faithful couple in the *quartier* in which they resided. Madame Rameau hesitated when her boy, thinking of Julie, asked if no one had done more than send to inquire after him as Isaura had done.

After that hesitating pause she said, "Yes—a young lady calling herself Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin wished to install herself here as your nurse. When I said, 'But I am his mother—he needs no other nurses,' she would have retreated, and looked ashamed—poor thing! I don't blame her if she loved my son. But, my son, I say this—if you love her, don't talk to me about that Mademoiselle Cicogna; and if you love Mademoiselle Cicogna, why, then, your father will take care that the poor girl who loved you—not knowing that you loved another—is not left to the temptation of penury."

Rameau's pale lips withered into a phantom-like sneer. Julie! the resplendent Julie!—true, only a ballet-dancer, but whose equipage in the Bois had once been the envy of duchesses—Julie! who had sacrificed fortune for his sake—who, freed from him, could have *millionnaires* again at her feet—Julie! to be saved from penury, as a shop-keeper would save an erring nurse-maid—Julie! the irrepressible Julie! who had written to him, the day before his illness, in a pen dipped, not in ink, but in blood from a vein she had opened in her arm: "Traitor!—I have not seen you for three days. Dost thou dare to love another? If so—I care not how thou attempt to conceal it—woe to her! *Ingrat!* woe to thee! Love is not love, unless, when betrayed by love, it appeals to death. Answer me quick—quick.

JULIE."

Poor Gustave thought of that letter and groaned. Certainly his mother was right—he ought to get rid of Julie; but he did not clearly see how Julie was to be got rid of. He replied to Madame Rameau, peevishly, "Don't trouble your head about Mademoiselle Caumartin; she is in no want of money. Of course, if I could hope for Isaura—but, alas! I dare not hope. Give me my *tisane.*"

When the doctor called next day he looked grave, and, drawing Madame Rameau into the next room, he said, "We are not getting on so well as I had hoped; the fever is gone, but there is much to apprehend from the debility left behind. His spirits are sadly depressed." Then added the doctor, pleasantly, and with that wonderful insight into our complex humanity in which physicians excel poets, and in which Parisian physicians are not excelled by any physicians in the world, "Can't you think of any bit of good news—that 'M. Thiers raves about your son's last poem'—that 'it is a question among the Academicians between him and Jules Janin'—or that 'the beautiful Duchesse de —— has been placed in a lunatic asylum because she has gone mad for love of a certain young Red Republican whose name begins with R.'—can't you think of any bit of similar good news? If you can, it will be a tonic to the relaxed state of your dear boy's *amour propre*, compared to which all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia are moonshine and water; and meanwhile be sure to remove him to your own house, and out of the reach of his giddy young friends, as soon as you possibly can."

When that great authority thus left his patient's case in the hands of the mother, she said, "The boy shall be saved."

CHAPTER XIII.

ISAURA was seated beside the Venosta—to whom, of late, she seemed to cling with greater fondness than ever—working at some piece of embroidery—a labor from which she had been estranged for years; but now she had taken writing, reading, music, into passionate disgust. Isaura was thus seated, silently intent upon her work, and the Venosta in full talk, when the servant announced Madame Rameau.

The name startled both; the Venosta had never heard that the poet had a mother living, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that Madame Rameau must be a wife he had hitherto kept unrevealed. And when a woman, still very handsome, with a countenance grave and sad, entered the *salon*, the Venosta murmured, "The husband's perfidy reveals itself on a wife's face," and took out her handkerchief in preparation for sympathizing tears.

"Mademoiselle," said the visitor, halting, with eyes fixed on Isaura, "pardon my intrusion—my son has the honor to be known to you. Every one who knows him must share in my sorrow—so young—so promising, and in such danger—my poor boy!" Madame Rameau stopped abruptly. Her tears forced their way—she turned aside to conceal them.

In her twofold condition of being—womanhood and genius—Isaura was too largely endowed with that quickness of sympathy which distinguishes woman from man, and genius from talent, not to be wondrously susceptible to pity.

Already she had wound her arm round the grieving mother—already drawn her to the seat from which she herself had risen—and bending over her had said some words—true, conventional enough in themselves, but cooed forth in a voice the softest I ever expect to hear, save in dreams, on this side of the grave.

Madame Rameau swept her hand over her eyes, glanced round the room, and noticing the Venosta in dressing-robe and slippers, staring with those Italian eyes, in seeming so quietly innocent, in reality so searchingly shrewd, she whispered, pleadingly, "May I speak to you a few minutes alone?" This was not a request that Isaura could refuse, though she was embarrassed and troubled by the surmise of Madame Rameau's object in asking it; accordingly she led her visitor into the adjoining room, and making an apologetic sign to the Venosta, closed the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN they were alone, Madame Rameau took Isaura's hand in both her own, and, gazing wistfully into her face, said, "No wonder you are so loved—yours is the beauty that sinks into the heart and rests there. I prize my boy more, now that I have seen you. But oh, mademoiselle! pardon me—do not withdraw your hand—pardon the mother who comes from the sick-bed of her only son and asks if you will assist to save him! A word from you is life or death to him!"

"Nay, nay, do not speak thus, madame; your son knows how much I value, how sincerely I return, his friendship; but—but"—she paused a moment, and continued, sadly and with tearful eyes, "I have no heart to give to him—to any one."

"I do not—I would not if I dared—ask what it would be violence to yourself to promise. I do not ask you to bid me return to my son and say, 'Hope and recover;' but let me take some healing message from your lips. If I understand your words rightly, I at least may say that you do not give to another the hopes you deny to him?"

"So far you understand me rightly, madame. It has been said that romance-writers give away so much of their hearts to heroes or heroines of their own creation that they leave nothing worth the giving to human beings like themselves. Perhaps it is so; yet, madame," added Isaura, with a smile of exquisite sweetness in its melancholy, "I have heart enough left to feel for you."

Madame Rameau was touched. "Ah, mademoiselle, I do not believe in the saying you have quoted. But I must not abuse your goodness by pressing further upon you subjects from which you shrink. Only one word more: you know that my husband and I are but quiet trades-folk, not in the society, nor aspiring to it, to which my son's talents have raised himself; yet dare I ask that you will not close here the acquaintance that I have obtruded on you?—dare I ask that I may now and then call on you—that now and then I may see you at my own home? Believe that I would not here ask any thing which your own mother would disapprove if she overlooked disparities of station. Humble as our home is, slander never passed its threshold."

"Ah, madame, I and the Signora Venosta, whom in our Italian tongue I call mother, can but feel honored and grateful whenever it pleases you to receive visits from us."

"It would be a base return for such gracious compliance with my request if I concealed from you the reason why I pray Heaven to bless you for that answer. The physician says that it may be long before my son is sufficiently convalescent to dispense with a mother's care, and resume his former life and occupation in the great world. It is every thing for us if we can coax him into coming under our own roof-tree. This is difficult to do. It is natural for a young man launched into the world to like his own *chez lui.* Then what will happen to Gustave? He, lonely and heart-stricken, will ask friends, young as himself, but far stronger, to come and cheer him, or he will seek to distract his thoughts by the overwork of his brain: in either case he is doomed. But I have stronger motives yet to fix him a while at our hearth. This is just the moment, once lost never to be regained, when soothing companionship, gentle reproachless advice, can fix him lastingly in the habits and modes of life which will banish all fears of his future from the hearts of his parents. You at least honor him with friendship, with kindly interest—you at least would desire to wean him from all that a friend may disapprove or lament—a creature whom Providence meant to be good, and perhaps great. If I say to him, 'It will be long before you can go out and see your friends, but at my house your friends shall come and see you—among them Signora Venosta and Mademoiselle Cicogna will now and then drop in'—my victory is gained, and my son is saved."

"Madame," said Isaura, half sobbing, "what a blessing to have a mother like you! Love so noble ennobles those who hear its voice. Tell your son how ardently I wish him to be well and to fulfill more than the promise of his genius; tell him also this—how I envy him his mother."

CHAPTER XV.

IT needs no length of words to inform thee, my intelligent reader, be thou man or woman—but more especially woman—of the consequences following each other, as wave follows wave in a tide, that resulted from the interview with which my last chapter closed. Gustave is removed to his parents' house. He remains for weeks confined within-doors, or, on sunny days, taken an hour or so in his own carriage, drawn by the horse bought from Rochebriant, into by-roads remote from the fashionable world. Isaura visits his mother, liking, respecting, influenced by her more and more: in those visits she sits beside the sofa on which Rameau reclines. Gradually, gently—more and more by his mother's lips—is impressed on her the belief that it is in her power to save a human life, and to animate his career toward those goals which are never based wholly upon earth in the earnest eyes of genius, or perhaps in the yet more upward vision of pure-souled believing woman.

And Gustave himself, as he passes through the slow stages of convalescence, seems so gratefully to ascribe to her every step in his progress—seems so gently softened in character—seems so refined from the old affectations—so ennobled above the old cynicism—and, above all, so needing her presence, so sunless without it, that—well, need I finish the sentence? The reader will complete what I leave unsaid.

Enough that one day Isaura returned home from a visit at Madame Rameau's with the knowledge that her hand was pledged—her future life disposed of—and that, escaping from the Venosta, whom she so fondly, and in her hunger for a mother's love, called *Madre*, the girl shut herself up in her own room with locked doors.

Ah, poor child! ah, sweet-voiced Isaura! whose delicate image I feel myself too rude and too hard to transfer to this page in the purity of its outlines and the blended softnesses of its hues!—thou, who when saying things serious in the words men use, saidst them with a seriousness so charming, and with looks so feminine!—thou, of whom no man I ever knew was quite worthy!—ah! poor, simple, miserable girl, as I see thee now in the solitude of that white-curtained virginal room! Hast thou, then, merged at last thy peculiar star into the cluster of all these commonplace girls whose lips have said "Ay," when their hearts said "No?"—thou, O brilliant Isaura! thou, O poor motherless child!

She had sunk into her chair—her own favorite chair—the covering of it had been embroidered by Madame de Grantmesnil, and bestowed on her as a birthday present last year—the year in which she had first learned what it is to love—the year in which she had first learned what it is to strive for fame. And somehow uniting, as many young people do, love and fame in dreams of the future, that silken seat had been to her as the Tripod of Delphi was to the Pythian: she had taken to it, as it were intuitively, in all those hours, whether of joy or sorrow, when youth seeks to prophesy, and does but dream.

There she sat now, in a sort of stupor—a sort of dreary bewilderment—the illusion of the Pythian gone—desire of dream and of prophecy alike extinct—pressing her hands together, and muttering to herself, "What has happened? What have I done?"

Three hours later you would not have recognized the same face that you see now. For then the bravery, the honor, the loyalty of the girl's nature had asserted their command. Her promise had been given to one man—it could not be recalled. Thought itself of any other man must be banished. On her hearth lay ashes and tinder—the last remains of every treasured note from Graham Vane; of the hoarded newspaper extracts that contained his name; of the dry treatise he had published, and which had made the lovely romance-writer first desire "to know something about politics." Ay, if the treatise had been upon fox-hunting, she would have desired "to know something about that!" Above all, yet distinguishable from the rest—as the sparks still upon stem and leaf here and there faintly glowed and twinkled—the withered flowers which recorded that happy hour in the arbor, and the walks of the forsaken garden—the hour in which she had so blissfully pledged herself to renounce that career in art wherein fame would have been secured, but which would not have united Fame with Love—in dreams evermore over now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]